

THE UPS AND DOWNS

— OF —

A PIONEER PREACHER

E. E. SHELHAMER

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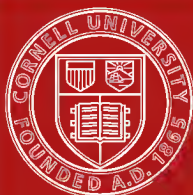
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Yours for a Clean,
rather
than a big work
C.E. Sholhamer.

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF A PIONEER PREACHER

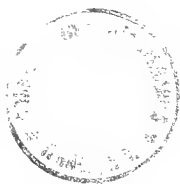
—ALSO—

SOME OF MY MISTAKES
AND
WHAT THEY TAUGHT ME
BY

E. E. SHELHAMER

Editor "The Repairer." Also Author and Publisher of "Heart Searching
Talks to Ministers," "Pointed Bible Readings on Various Subjects,"
"Rules and Helps to Holy Living," "Popular and Radical
Holiness Contrasted," "Hell and Eternal Punish-
ment," "False Doctrines and Fanaticism
Exposed," and various other
Books and Booklets.

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BY

E. E. SHELHAMER.

Dedication.

To all young people, especially young men who have the courage to follow their God-given convictions, and who would rather be deeply spiritual than popular or prosperous, is this volume lovingly dedicated.

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INTRODUCTION.

This remarkable volume tells the interesting story of the dealings of God, man, and the devil with the author from his boyhood until the present. The title of the book is well chosen, for the "ups and downs" of this faithful itinerant preacher have been numerous, and as varied as numerous.

His early struggles to secure an education, in the face of unfavorable circumstances, made him resourceful and taught him the value of time and money, and he deserves commendation for the success he has attained by indomitable purpose, diligent study and hard work.

The lovely spirit he has shown in all the opposition and persecution through which he has passed shows that he has learned tenderness, compassion and humble love from the Lord Jesus. Humility is a Christian grace that is rare indeed in these days, but the reader of the following pages will be impressed with the genuine humility of the man who meekly bore ill-treatment and maintained his integrity as a representative of his lowly Master.

Few Christians are living today who would give publicity to the errors they have made, as has the author of this volume done. And these are given for the sole purpose of warning others of the dangers, to which they are exposed and having them profit by his mistakes. Instead of trying to

justify himself, or keeping secret what others have not discovered, this good man bares his own breast and exposes his own errors for the good of his readers.

While the book contains a narration of personal experiences, the fact is made prominent that a wholly-consecrated, fire-baptized life is the ideal one.

No one can read these pages without admiring the author for his sincerity, humility, perseverance, tenderness, thoroughness, and adherence to the right as it has been revealed to him through the various channels the Lord has employed to teach His servant.

I have been personally acquainted with the author for years, and his self-sacrificing, strenuous labors for the church and humanity, and the kind and humble spirit he has manifested, have greatly pleased me, hence my interest in his book.

He has been an active man, and has published a large amount of wholesome literature. Because of his extensive travels and his ability to readily understand human nature, he has acquired much knowledge of conditions existing in the world at large, and his narration of events transpiring during his life is given in an intensely interesting manner. I commend this volume to all.

J. T. LOGAN,

Editor of The Free Methodist.

Chicago, Illinois,

April 15, 1915.

PREFACE.

Generally, when the doings or sayings of an individual are published it is because, in reality or fancy, he was an extraordinary person. Be it far from the author of this volume to pose for one moment as such. No! No! And it is his earnest prayer that those who may chance to read these pages will not see the *subject*, but rather the *God* who is ever waiting to make something out of nothing, and glad to use the "weak things of the world to confound the mighty."

It seems to be God's way, either to choose material from the most unlikely, through which to show His supernatural workings, or when choosing the more efficient, first to take them through a process of grinding and humiliation to the intent that "no flesh should glory in His presence."

That no one should "glory" in *his* flesh, the author has deviated from all other books of like character and inserted "Part II," "Some of My Mistakes and What They Have Taught Me." Though we trust the reader has never fallen into any of *these* errors, yet it may stimulate faith and reveal pitfalls to read some of the *general* mistakes into which *most* Christians fall.

For the purpose of encouraging those who have meager gifts and limited opportunities, and to help them master their environments, is this unpretentious volume sent forth.

THE AUTHOR.

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF A PIONEER PREACHER.

CHAPTER I.

A START IN LIFE.

“Ragged Elsie”—Farm Life—A Reckless Boy—“The Young Preacher”—Trials at the Iron Mill—Goes West in Search of Education.

*It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth.
Lam. 3:27.*

This is an age of luxury and laziness, and parents make no greater mistake than to let their children grow up unaccustomed to hard labor and self-denial. The more a child is humored the more he becomes self-willed and less liable in afterlife to submit to God or man. The less he is familiar with hardships the less easily can he adapt himself to them, or sympathize with others under similar circumstances.

Occasionally a wealthy parent wakes up to this fact, hence not only gives his son a college training, but one at common labor as well. The writer was not blessed (or cursed) with wealth, therefore had some practical experience with poverty.

For this reason alone have I felt led to pen these pages, not to call attention to myself, but to magnify God's omnipotent grace which can enable *any* poor, weak boy to triumph over all unpleasant environments in the pathway of life.

I was born December 16, 1869, being the seventh child of Josiah and Susan Shelhamer, who then lived in an old log house nestled among the hills of Western Pennsylvania. They named this child Elmer Ellsworth, who, as he grew up, was more commonly known as "Ragged Elsie," doubtless from the fact that I got a new suit of clothes only once in two or three years, which, of course, looked rather odd on a rapidly-growing boy.

I know something about the blessings of poverty. Sleeping upstairs in the old log house, I have awakened more than once with enough snow on the floor and bed to make snow balls. I did not know what it was to have underwear until in my teens. I confess it was a little embarrassing going to school with patched clothes, while other boys wore brass buttons and starched shirts. They had pie, cake and red apples for lunch, while I went out behind some large tree many a time to eat my buckwheat cakes or coarse bread, with nothing on but black apple butter which was so strong that even now I can almost feel it burn.

A feeling of sadness comes over me as I think of those early days, especially at the close of school, when scarcely any one came to visit us and we were too poor to go visiting. Notwithstanding this, I grew to be over six feet tall and have since preached to those who, because of my appearance, were ashamed to have me in their company.

At an early age I began to earn my own clothes by working on rainy days, and in the evening after the usual day's labor, clearing out old fence rows and thickets and raising vegetables therein. Many a time did I thus work until long after dark. This was rigid discipline, but better for me than going fishing, bathing, or to ball games with the neighbor boys. Though a little galling, nevertheless it taught me the secret of economy and dependence upon my own resources. The noon hours were spent in committing to memory Scripture verses for the Sabbath-school, sometimes hundreds being repeated the following Sunday. The Sabbath-school was over three miles distant, and to prevent rubbing the heels by the old brogan shoes, they were carried in hand until outside the church, and there put on.

Thus for some time I bid fair to become a good man, but all this was eclipsed before the age of

sixteen, when I had become a wild, reckless boy, so much so that my parents and relatives despaired of my salvation. Though others were being converted in the revival meetings then in progress, nothing seemed to move the boy who was breaking his father's heart. To the surprise of all, without any one ever speaking to me (for they had given me up) I broke with sin, and ten other boys and men followed me to the altar. After three days and nights seeking, I was soundly converted, and at once declared I would be as out and out for God as I had previously been in seeking pleasure.

I soon received a definite call to labor for the salvation of others and it was so apparent that my former associates began calling me the "young preacher."

I well remember my first series of sermons. I had been powerfully converted and frequently retired to the old log barn for prayer. The thermometer was around zero and though I had crawled behind some corn fodder to get away from the cold wind, yet it was so severe I had to rub and strike my hands together to keep from freezing. Notwithstanding this, I had so many things to pray about that an hour seemed but a short time. As I read my little pocket Testament,

certain passages loomed up before me and I could see fields of thought that to my mind had never been touched. This inspiration was so great, that more than once did I rush from behind the shocks of corn, leap upon a box, or half-bushel basket and preach to the logs and corn-stalks, warning them to flee from the wrath to come. Of course I had in mind a large congregation. I did not then know that God was training me to preach later on, to things almost as hard as hickory logs, and as dry as corn-stalks. It is good, however, to be trained beforehand for life's work, though we do not know at the time what our calling may involve.

Not having any outlet through which to give vent to my pent up desires, I thought it necessary to take a theological course in order to prepare myself more fully, and when I apprised my mother (though a very pious woman), she replied discouragingly. I was surprised, then paused and asked her whether she would rather have me enter the ministry or go back into sin and graduate in drunkenness, fighting and gambling. She immediately consented, and accordingly I began to prepare for my life's work, and the next summer was spent in attending an institute preparatory to a college course. The next perplexing question

was, "Where shall the money come from for such a course?" As my parents were not able, without sacrifice, to help me through school, I obtained work in the iron mill. Some thought I could not stand the hard work, but I was determined to succeed. At the mill they started me in on night turn, from 6 p. m. to 6 a. m., in the galvanizing department. Here the fumes of the chemicals were so strong that they flaked my dinner pail as though galvanized. This was the kind of air that had to be breathed. The boss and most of the men were Roman Catholics, and, as their custom was to initiate every newcomer, they set in to aggravate and annoy me. The boss often came and told obscene stories and sang vulgar songs, all of which were turned away from without the sanction of a smile. At other times he watched when a heavy load of iron was being carried that could not be dropped and seized this opportunity to come and sing his songs and tell the latest joke or story, but, as before, they found no response. At the end of two weeks this ungodly man, being convicted and convinced, ceased his persecution and declared that if any one mistreated the "young preacher" he would be discharged.

This mention is made to show that where there is a fixed purpose in the heart to live for God it

can be done, by old or young. "Three days" was the time given by my friends for me to break down at the hard work, but, instead, I was there three weeks. Then sufficient having been earned to go West, "three months" was given me to get homesick and return, but, instead, it was nearly three years. Where there is a will there will be a way, or one will be made. Napoleon, when confronted with the question, how he and his mighty army would cross the Alps, declared, "There shall be no Alps," and he scaled them. If he without God could surmount seeming impossibilities, surely those who are assisted by Omnipotent grace ought to do as well.

CHAPTER II.

STRUGGLE FOR AN EDUCATION.

Enters College—"Bachelor's Hall"—Loses the Fire—The
"Close-Class Meeting"—The Reclamation—The Out-
come.

*Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the
Lord. Rom. 12:11.*

The education of our youth is becoming a great problem to conscientious parents. The fact is, in most of our public schools the morals are so corrupt that they poison the mind of a child before he is ten years of age. The writer has personal knowledge of a little girl (daughter of prominent holiness parents) who came home one evening from school and said, "Mama, I've got a beau." Then to clinch it, continued: "You know you said I could do as the other girls did when I was ten years old, and I am ten today." It is hard to say which of the two, the mother or the child, needed the severest rebuke. No wonder John Wesley said, "You might as well send a child to the devil as to send him to the public school."

This is an alarming condition of things, but what is more, is that many of our religious schools

seem little better. Can this be proven? Let us see. Every unbiased mind who is in a position to know will admit that many of these so-called holiness schools are not pronounced against the first approaches of fashion, foolishness and flirting. Is it not too often the case that after a term there, a young person returns home more capable than before of reasoning away past light and convictions; or worse still, professing a tame, sickly type of religion? If he were formerly very conscientious along the finer lines of holy living, the tendency is to broaden him and rob him of his original, heaven-born views. The result is, he would rather mingle with semi-worldly holiness people than the despised few, and he is wont to criticise the old-fashioned saints as being "back numbers" and not "up-to-date."

Most young people are not able to withstand the subtle influences of "backslidden respectability." And when they see the teachers given to more or less worldliness and formality, yet amiable and refined, it is natural to pattern after and quote them rather than those who are a terror to evil doers.

Of course this is not the case in a non-religious school. *There* a young Christian soon becomes a "speckled bird" and every one knows his



position. It may mean isolation or persecution, but this will put him on his guard and develop sturdiness of character more than would a compromise spirit. The fact is that sooner or later he must rub against and grapple with the spirit of this old world, and the sooner he (through grace) masters it, the sooner he will amount to something. True, the means of grace and good influences must not be discounted, but on the other hand if the martyr stuff is in a youth he is bound to succeed though in a non-religious school or community. His feet may be knocked from under him once or twice, but up he will get, not to fall over the same thing again. He who is dependent upon favorable circumstances to succeed on any line will always be a weakling. Hence, unless a student maintains a fixedness of purpose to withstand open wickedness on the one hand and compromise on the other, he will surely go under, whether in a public school or holiness college. As the writer has had a little practical experience along this line, he trusts he does not speak unadvisedly.

After earning enough to go West, I for the first time, bade good-bye to home and friends. A day and night of travel brought me to the little city of Wheaton, Illinois (twenty-five miles west

of Chicago), where preparations were begun for that long-cherished education. In order to lessen expenses four of us preacher boys kept "bachelor's hall" the first year. One got breakfast, another dinner, I supper, and a fourth one washed all the dishes. In this way we were able to live at the rate of from thirty-five cents to \$1.50 a week and grow fat. My first recitation came at 9:30 a. m., hence it gave me five hours (from 4 a. m. to 9 o'clock) for manual labor; then another hour in the afternoon and all day Saturday. I always kept several small jobs ahead for slack times, and averaged from \$2.00 to \$6.00 a week. The studying was done at night, sometimes 11:30 finding me poring over my books. The other boys could not understand why they could not get work while I had more than I could do, but the secret was in leaving white cuffs and gloves at home and going prepared to take anything I could get. Sometimes I got the promise of only an hour's work, but went at it with a relish and frequently would get in a day or more at that same place. Any kind of work was solicited, such as gardening, whipping carpets, mowing lawns, trimming trees, sawing wood, unloading cars, cleaning out cisterns and sometimes other very unpleasant work, but I was determined to make

the best of it and not let my father borrow money or sell a horse or cow, which would have been gladly done that he might assist me. I declared that if a boy at the age of eighteen could not educate and care for himself, he was not worth educating.

The following summer I traveled in Iowa, and when I returned, with all expenses met, I had less than five dollars to apply on another year's expenses. What should I do; back out, write home for help, or buckle into it again for another year? The members of the faculty advised me to stick to it and accordingly I did, went through, passed every examination, and came out in the spring with ten dollars in cash, more clothes and better health than ever in the past. I speak of this simply to encourage others to master every difficulty, surmount every obstacle and insist on getting through the world without begging, or selling principle. There is an honest way to succeed.

I now wish to speak of my struggle against the encroachments of a worldly, popular spirit in school life. I found this a first-class place either to grow in grace or to lose the fire. During the first year I succeeded in keeping on top, though of course I was more or less isolated. The

next year different tactics were employed and I found myself being complimented and sought after. Unconsciously I succumbed and lost the keen edge which previously had made me a constant reproof to worldlings and compromisers. I tried to console myself with the thought that I had just gotten out of a little narrow rut and was now merging into a broader field of thought and usefulness. Nevertheless, some of the students said, "You do not get us under conviction as you did the first year." I continued to take active part in and lead religious services, and one Sabbath morning, walked down the railroad, two and one-half miles, where was a little white church, and after entering, found myself in an old-fashioned close class-meeting. Some of those who were questioned became angry and answered back, while others left the house. I thought to myself, "This is a hot meeting, but I will not leave, nor resent, but meet the issue." So I arose and said, "I doubt whether my experience will stand close questioning. I am saved from all outward sin, but have been attending school, and little by little have come to live on the same plane with those around me. Now I am going to the altar and would like to have you pray with me." This broke up the class-meeting, and while two or

three old saints knelt around me, I consecrated to walk in past light and it was but a little while until the old-time joy and holy boldness were mine again.

The next morning I returned to where a number of us theological students were boarding and, as was the custom, each one began to relate where he had been on Sabbath and what he had heard. Now and then a pleasant joke was dropped, accompanied by a hearty laugh; but when it was noticed that I did not participate as usual, one of them remarked, "Well, what is wrong with Shelhamer? He is not fit for an old cow to associate with; see, he has his tie off; he has been down among those old Free Methodists; it is too bad; he is a good fellow, but now he is ruined and will spend the rest of his days preaching to empty seats and a few old cranks, while we will be filling city pulpits." I said to the young men, "Boys, you can ridicule me if you like, but you know very well that I have not had the unction of the Spirit of late as I had when I first came, and now I have simply taken my original stand." To this they all agreed.

I remained that year and kept on top of public opinion. The next summer I entered evangelistic work and did not get back to Wheaton

again. It was several years before I visited the place and when I did, I naturally inquired what had become of my old collegiates. One had died from the effects of bicycle riding, another was clerking in a little grocery store, another was driving a bakery wagon and still another was preaching for a worldly congregation.

Well, what had become of the young crank? God forbid that I should boast, but in the same length of time that would have required to have completed my course, He gave me a number of successful revivals, from which he called some to preach the gospel here and in foreign lands. The fact is, instead of "preaching to empty seats," God had enabled the writer to see more, travel more, preach to larger crowds and get more souls saved than all these young student preachers put together. Did it pay to take a radical, pronounced stand for God?

Each student had high ambitions to make a mark in the world, not knowing that the best and quickest way to do this was to get the fiery baptism, then "cry aloud" against every form and phase of sin. It may mean rocks and jails, but it is a sure way to make the world feel that you have an existence for good.

CHAPTER III.

INCIDENTS OF FIRST REVIVAL.

First Meeting at Atwood, Illinois—Justice of Peace Makes Disturbance—Eggs, Rocks and Pistols—Brave Willie—Infuriated Mob Destroys Tent—Opposer Slain Under the Power of God.

I will not be afraid of ten thousands of people that have set themselves against me round about. Ps. 3:6.

The real work of God always provokes opposition; such opposition may or may not assume an open attitude, though this is preferable, as it discovers the enemy's strength. Sometimes the devil works above ground and then again he seems to quit the field, when the fact is he is working underneath, hoping to suddenly knock the props out and let the whole thing cave in. It is a good thing right after every victory to be fortified for a new attack from some unexpected source. As a rule, the revivals that prove the most lasting in their results are those in which the "ones and twos" have been saved at a time, instead of "a great landslide." It is preferable to have pressure and persecution from the first, instead of coming afterward.

I well remember the first meeting in which I assisted. At the age of nineteen, I felt that I could no longer be caged up inside the old stone walls of Wheaton College, and accordingly joined a company of three young men at Atwood, Illinois. Souls were getting saved and interest was running high, when the devil made his appearance in the form of the Justice of the Peace and other lewd fellows. Their first attempt was to cut down the tabernacle, but succeeded in getting it only half down, when we intercepted them. The next night we remained after service, but well for us that we extinguished the lights, for we were shot at and missed but a few feet; we thanked God in at least that instance for "darkness rather than light."

Another night we received a shower of stones and eggs while pronouncing the benediction. No one was hit but the daughter of the man who threw a large stone weighing two or three pounds.

We had just retired when another shower came against our house, the rocks coming through the windows and the eggs painting and staining the outside. For the time being there was nearly as much racket on the inside as on the outside, for one of the dear boys jumped out of bed and, after brushing a lot of old shoes, baskets and va-

lices aside, succeeded in finding a safe place under the bed, far back against the wall. After a moment's silence, he shouted out in an unmistakable tone, "Hallelujah!" I was trying to locate our disturbers, and said, "Willie, what are you doing under the bed? Get out of there and show your bravery another way." But no, he was too secure to run any risks.

The meeting ran on and, along with others, the railroad agent at that place was blessedly converted and afterwards entered the ministry. A barber gave up his sins and opened up business each morning with prayer. This seemed to infuriate our opposers the more, and accordingly they banded together to cut or burn down the tent. We remained inside and when the mob arrived, met them at the entrance with lighted matches, but were overpowered with brickbats, revolvers and dynamite. The tent was cut down and blown to pieces, but we were still determined to get souls. No hall or other building could be rented for services as any such place was likewise threatened. So we took to holding street meetings, but even here we were assailed with eggs thrown up into the air from the back part of the buildings; they spattered all around, but failed to hit the mark.

Finally, an aged widow opened her house for the meetings and the crowds filled the rooms and yards. Some were seeking, others shouting and still others cursing. One man said, were it not for the crowd he would put a stick of dynamite (which he then had) under the corner of the house where Shelhamer was preaching, and blow the whole house to atoms. The power of God was so manifest that a cursing young man was struck down and when he was able to speak, began to seek salvation and said he would never oppose the work again. One young lady, who had been converted, fell under the power and lay as one dead, so that some questioned among themselves if it were genuine; in order to test it, a wicked young man procured a long rod from a tree and reaching through the uplifted window, twisted a wad of hair from the back of her head, but she never flinched. God was surely in the place, and it was not due to masterly sermons, but rather to simplicity in prayer, testimony and fiery exhortations. From this revival a class was formed, out of which four or five good workers and young preachers came. It meant the destruction of our tent, showers of eggs, bullets and brickbats, but what of it, since the influence of that meeting is still sweeping on and will continue to all eternity?

CHAPTER IV.

NOTABLE HAPPENINGS.

Deliverances From Death—Woman Slain Under Power of God—Mobs and Eggs—A Red-haired Man Led Out.

Thou hast caused men to ride over our heads; we went through fire and through water: but thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place. Ps. 66:12.

Many honest souls are more or less harassed over the thought of sudden death, not because they are unprepared, but because they are fearful lest they fail to accomplish all that they ought to before their departure. It would help them if they could realize that he who is divinely led is immortal until his work is done.

As long as one is abandoned to the whole will of God nothing can befall him but what is for his good. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." When they get to heaven? Yes, and long before they get there. They see Him in His providences; yea, in the very same circumstances under which most people complain. Thus they make stepping-stones of their stumbling-stones, and rise to grander views of things divine.

Often have sickness and accident come within an inch of taking my life; yet an unseen hand protected me until I could rally and go forward in the pathway of duty. A few of such incidents I will here relate.

While in a meeting at Stewardson, Illinois, we slept in the hall for a while before being invited home with any one. Then we rented a house and kept "bachelor's hall" and had the privilege of living for a week on nothing but Irish potatoes, and graham mush. We had no sugar, hence often sang, "The Grace of God, it is so sweet." Later on when the meeting broke through, we had more things sent in than we could eat. The revival lasted several months, day and night, and being overworked, I was suddenly taken down with hemorrhages and lung fever. 'Twas said I could not live, and friends flocked in to bid me good-bye. Of course, I thought my time had come, as two brothers and three sisters had gone with consumption at about the same age. The best doctor in town was doing all he could but to no avail. Friends wrote to an adjoining town for a man of faith to come and pray for and anoint me "in the name of the Lord," according to James 5:4. He did so and at midnight, December 16, 1889, I was instantly and miraculously healed. The next

morning I dressed and sat by the fire. The doctor was notified that he need not come any more, and thinking I was a corpse, he questioned, "Is he dead?" The answer was that I was healed and well. He did not believe it, so came down to see me, and after taking my temperature, which had been up to 104 1-2, declared that something miraculous had taken place. The same day I walked up town through a snow a foot deep. Some of the business men took hold of me, saying I was crazy and ought to be at home in bed. The fact was, I looked like a dead man, but began to mend, and in twelve days had gained seven pounds. The meeting continued and I was at my post again in as good or better shape than before.

There were other things of importance in this meeting. One of the workers sold himself to a wicked Catholic editor, turned traitor, and the last I saw him he was fearfully haggard, saying he had sinned against the Holy Ghost and was simply awaiting the hour of death to be damned. Such terrific conviction seized hold of Catholics who had come to mock that though it was in the dead of winter they sat and fanned themselves, as if in August. A large, two-hundred-pound German woman was under terrific conviction, but declared she would "never go to the altar," and

accordingly arose and started for the door, only to fall full length—which shook the building. She could not move nor find peace until she consented to be helped to the altar. This enraged the devil, and when we were dismissed we found a mob awaiting us in the dark passageway leading to the pavement. At this I felt inspired to say, “Just wait a moment and I will find out who it is,” and rushed into the midst with a lighted match only to see them scamper in every direction. The next night they were prepared, and as soon as we had started home the eggs began to come thick and fast, but not one took effect until I, looking back, said, “Where are they coming from?” Just then one smashed upon my elbow. I expected, as soon as I reached home, to have a time of cleaning, but could not find a spot. Nevertheless it taught me a lesson to “remember Lot’s wife,” and never look back.

On another occasion the rowdies set in to break up the meeting. I arose to preach and had not gone far when I took in the situation and felt divinely inspired to say, “Now, we are here to do good, and if anybody, great or small, undertakes to disturb this meeting I shall come right down and take him by the collar and lead him out.” I preached on and soon noticed that

a red-headed young man was anxious to test my strength. I paid no attention for a while, until the Spirit said, "Take him." Then very deliberately I walked down the aisle as though going by him and when I came to him said, "You come with me." He made as though he would set himself, but immediately became as powerless as a child and walked right along. It had a good effect upon the audience and from that time we had good order. It might prove a sad mistake to undertake such a thing again, especially in one's own strength, simply because God undertook on this occasion.

A second narrow escape from death is given in the following incident:

While attending a camp meeting at Terre Haute, Ind., some thirty preachers and workers, including the writer, went to the Wabash river for a bath. The current here was very swift, being from four to ten feet deep. But I had been in before, and had no difficulty in swimming to and from a huge tree that had lodged in the bend of the river.

On this occasion several of us were walking in midstream, but it was so deep that we had to stand on our tiptoes to successfully keep head above water. Finally it became so swift that we

had to swim, but the tiptoe strain had given me the cramps and I could not use my lower limbs. I had the use of my arms but the rest of my body was subject to the swift undercurrent which was carrying me down into deeper water every moment. Presently I went under for the first time, and then called for help, but there was such a splashing and diving that I was not heard. I struggled awhile and went under the second time. By this time the cry was general, "Brother Shelhamer is drowning!" Some stood speechless on the bank, while three or four brave fellows came swimming to my help, one diving underneath and lifting my head and shoulders out of the water until I could get a good breath, but as he swam out from underneath me I went under the third time. As I came up one caught me by the arm, but in the struggle I was swept away from him and down I went the fourth time. When I came up I gasped and caught another breath, only to succumb to the mad current once more. But thanks be to God and those brave boys, that as I came up this time, I was met with an old, sinking boat, which I seized, only as a drowning man could. It sank with me, leaving naught but my head above the water, but it served until some fishermen came to my rescue with a better boat.

Afterwards we were informed that a number of men had drowned in that same treacherous place. Steamboats had passed up and down the same channel.

In this battle the great God alone could step in and rob death of its victim. It was only His miraculous power, for generally men never survive after going down the third time. I have heard unsaved men say that all their past sinful record came up before them the first time they went under, but, blessed be God, no such scene came before me during the entire struggle.

I seemed to be passing through a dark valley, and though I feared no evil, yet all hope of getting out alive was swept away, until the third time of going down. I was fully expecting to wind up in a watery grave, and the only thing I desired to say, was to leave some parting word to be sent home to the little, heart-broken wife.

The devil seemed pleased to keep out of every mind the thought of prayer; he gave consent for me to go to heaven, if he could only stop my getting *other* souls there. As I went down the third time one brother cried out, "Lord, help him," "Lord, save him," and immediately the darkness overhead vanished, and then a volley of prayers arose from those on the shore, as well as those

struggling with the mad waters. When I was going down the last time, I could hear the sound of prayer. It was then for the first time that hope revived, and I thought, "How can God let these prayers sink?" From that time on, I felt confident that though I was chastened sore, "He had not given me over unto death." I appreciate life as never before. Since that awful struggle, one day seems fraught with more opportunities for receiving and doing good than did one week before.

"Surely, goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

CHAPTER V.

INCONSISTENCIES OF NO-SECTS.

After Three Years Absence Returns Home—Experience With The “No-Sects”—Their Inconsistencies and Destructive Work.

Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God: because many false prophets are gone out into the world. I Jno. 4:1.

Every heresy is as old as the devil himself. It may take on new and various forms to keep up with the times and suit particular occasions, but the underlying principle is as old as the first delusion in the Garden of Eden.

“Of late years many have seen the formality of ecclesiasticism, and in their unwise efforts to correct it, they swing to the other extreme, and advocate the abolition of government, or anarchy in religion. The remedy has proven as bad as the disease, and thoughtful Christian people are looking for God’s original plan, which is found between these two extremes, yet at a safe distance from either. This body that contradistinguishes itself from the sectarian churches, has, in the few short years of its existence, been ruptured into over a dozen warring sects, each calling itself

the "only true church." While doing this it has failed to recognize the fact that all who are saved from known sin and have the spirit of Jesus are its members. It has therefore, by excluding some of the Lord's real people, made itself a sect in the strictest sense of the word, and by withholding recognition and fellowship from some who have the Spirit, because of their real or supposed lack of light, it has made its leaders ecclesiastics of the most unmerciful sort. Though the Scripture is declared to be of no private interpretation, yet the private interpretation of some passages of scripture as given by the leaders, forms the discipline of these people; and that discipline has been so changeable, erratic and inconsistent, that division and Babylonish confusion of the worst sort have been the result. Some factions of them use the common ordinances and declare that all who discard them will be damned; others discard all the ordinances and unchristianize all who use them. Still others add feet washing and assert that its omission is a sin punishable with eternal death, while the anti-feet washers declare the opposite. Again the private interpretation of scripture, used as discipline and government, has led to internal wars even among the members of the various factions."

As was said before, after nearly three years' absence I returned home for a short stay. Of course every one wanted to come out and hear "Ragged Elsie" preach. To their surprise the Holy Ghost began to convict right and left until old, hardened sinners were at the altar crying to God for salvation. Deep things of long standing were unearthed and confessions and restitution were made.

I noticed that several of my relatives who had in former years taken much active part in revival services, now absented themselves entirely, though they lived within hearing distance of the church. After inquiring, I found that they had joined a faction of the "No-sects" (for there are a number of them) known as the "Saints," the "*Gospel Trumpet*" being their official organ. I called upon them, urging them to assist in the meetings as they did during the revival in which I was converted. But they turned upon me, saying they had received great light ("The evening light") and that I must likewise walk in it and "come out of Babylon," or be damned. I asked, "What do you mean by 'Babylon?'" They replied, "Confusion." "Well," said I, "God bless you, there is no confusion in me; heaven is inside of me." But, no, I could not persuade them

to attend the revival, for they had heeded the command, "Come out of her" (meaning all forms of church organizations) and to go would be to encourage "man-made institutions." They carried on services at the same hour that we did and finally built a separate place of worship, *within one rod* of the church, so that the "confusion" they were seeking to avoid was doubly increased. They talked much about their great freedom and of how they did not belong to anything but Christ, but the fact was, they were in more bondage than we, for they dare not sanction, or attend any other service than their own.

Later on when invited to one of their big tent meetings in town, I went and preached for them, though I had to cancel an engagement at our own church to do so. The fact was, we *practised* what they preached more than they themselves did. And should we not enter *every* open door in order to get the truth of God upon the people? I will preach for anything under the sun if I get a chance, and they will take it.

Oh, the absurdities carried on in the name of freedom and religion! These deluded souls wanted to come to our services but dare not do it; they were interested in the salvation of their neighbors, but because one of their big preachers

had prophesied that there would never be any good done in the old Shelhamer church and that it was forsaken of God, therefore they must never enter. There was much Scripture quoted and misinterpreted to substantiate their views. Finally they became so bitter that they denounced me openly and declined to invite me into their homes lest they should be guilty of "bidding him God speed." I succeeded, under God, in getting several to break loose from that spirit of bondage, which was equal to Catholicism or Seventh-Day Adventism. This angered and fortified the others, who actually warned me with tears, saying I had resisted the light, the blood of souls was upon me, and I had sealed unto myself damnation. Later on one of their preachers gave me a couple columns of free advertisement by way of denunciation in "*The Gospel Trumpet*."

I have noticed one general characteristic about this and similar delusions, viz., the adherents are ever ready to quote and argue Scripture, but oh, there is such a lamentable absence of holy joy and the spirit of prevailing prayer. They can talk or sing for hours with more relish than they can commune with God thirty minutes.

Contention and strife ran rampant in that community for several years until now there are

no services and both places of worship are abandoned. I often thank God for getting me out, like Abraham, from my "kindred and father's house," and sending me west, only two weeks before this destructive element entered and ruined, perhaps the most spiritual church in that part of the country. Doubtless in my zeal I would have gone with them, for their preachers at first confined themselves to salvation themes and "reserved the strong meat until the people could bear it." This of course generally caught the zealous and innocent. Any system of religion that leaves such havoc in its wake as this does, is certainly not the kind that Christ instituted, notwithstanding all they may say and quote about "unity" and "oneness." (In our book on "False Doctrines and Fanaticism Exposed," this and many other latter-day heresies are handled at length, without gloves.)

CHAPTER VI.

FIVE MONTHS' REVIVAL.

**Greensburg Meeting—No Crowds—Sermon to One Man—
Two Weeks' Sleeping on the Floor—Arrested—The
Tide Turns—Church Packed for Five Months—Un-
wise Pastor.**

Be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord. I Cor. 15:58.

There is great need of resolute determination on the part of soul-winners. The fact is, this is a superficial age and we think we must have favorable circumstances before attempting a revival. Then, after it is begun, everything must move off smoothly else some official will get frightened. If things do not break through immediately there is talk of "not protracting any longer." Most evangelists can stay only ten days or two weeks at most and must have a good singer, a choir, a promise of \$100.00 or more, and a nice boarding place in order to succeed.

Is this the way nations go to war? Is this the way to take a city? Never! Some of the greatest victories ever won have been preceded by long sieges and many privations. And shall we be less

valiant for immortal souls? Oh, for more of that invincible, irresistible faith that can not be turned down; that which refuses to recognize obstacles or inconveniences! Many a meeting has closed right on the eve of victory; and in other instances when the devil could do no better, he has compromised with a small concession of a few souls when there should have been scores of them.

I felt led to open up a meeting at Greensburg, Pa., an old aristocratic town of 12,000 inhabitants, some thirty miles from Pittsburg. We succeeded in renting an old Covenanter Church on Main street, which had stood idle for years. The day after renting it another party tried to get it, but I had it for one month, with privilege of three. Another young preacher was with me and we set in to bombard the place. We found that the city officials had succeeded in keeping the Salvation Army out and now they felt indignant that the army had entered (as they thought) in citizens' clothes.

The first night we went up to the center of the city, opposite the courthouse, and had street service. As it was a new thing in the place, we soon had an immense crowd around us. We invited the people to the church where we anticipated a good sized audience. Instead, three illiterate

looking people came. The next night we had two, the third night one and the fourth night none, but God had clearly sent us there and we had been diligent to call, advertise and invite the people out, hence felt it was a test of faith and He would eventually honor the attempt. We preached every night, audience or no audience, and trusted that a God-sent arrow would fly out of the open door or window and wound some passer-by. One night when there was only one present, I preached (for that was what we called it) until the perspiration flowed freely and the lone stranger, who was a crippled, red-headed boy, began to look this way and that, and doubtless thought "Thou art the man." Well, he was, for later he got saved and went to preaching. He told me that the thing that took hold of him was the earnestness manifested on the preacher's part when there was no one present but himself. He thought, "If that man has such concern for my soul surely I ought to be concerned."

Afterward, when he himself was in a series of meetings in the mountains of West Virginia, and a great snow storm was raging, he thought he would not go, but finally did and found only five people present. His first impression was, "Just have a prayer and dismiss," but then the thought

came, "If Brother S—— had done so, I never would have been saved." So he mounted the stand, took a text and preached with all his might. The result was that two out of the five came forward and were converted the same night. See the power of example!

The first two weeks of the Greensburg meeting, no one invited us home and not being on the popular line, where money flowed freely, we ate and slept in the church. The floor in front of the pulpit was the bed, and for pillows we turned chairs upside down and leaned up against them. Like Paul and Silas, we frequently praised God at midnight, though I confess that at the end of two weeks the floor could be very sensibly felt, and as it was in October, it was rather chilly sleeping, too.

One night, during one of our street meetings, I was summoned by an officer to appear before the mayor, when the following conversation took place:

"You are holding meetings down in the old Covenanter Church, are you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, that is where we want you to stay and not come out on the street."

"But we feel that there is a class of people on

the street who never go to church and in order to reach them, we go where they are."

"Well, we do not want you on the street, and," (speaking to the policeman, he said): "If they come out again, arrest them."

"Very well, we shall obey God rather than man; if He will release us we will cease, but if not, you will find us out bright and early tomorrow night."

"I think He will release you if you tell Him the mayor said so."

"God does not listen to mayors."

With this I left and continued our street meeting. That night the preacher boys both prayed God to handle things and, accordingly, early the next morning the mayor with another brother Free-Mason, knocked and came in tremblingly, saying, "You can have street meetings, only do not come out on Main street this week, as it is the week of the fair."

We continued in the church for a month, at the end of which our congregation averaged only about twenty-five and these were a new lot every night, rendering it difficult to get conviction on the people. There was only one soul converted during the month.

We felt determined to succeed and get the

truth on the people, hence resorted to the street. One Saturday as we came singing up the street and approached our appointed place for meeting, the chief of police (who was a Catholic) met us and ordered us to pass on. We continued singing, and again he ordered us to pass on or he would deal "roughly" with us. The people saw that he was angry and came rushing together from all directions, until there must have been several hundred around us.

Presently he took hold of my assistant, who was standing next to him, and said, "Come with me." At this I saw that the crowd was agitated and, motioning with my hand, said, "Just be still a moment and we will preach to you." At this the "Chief" looked around to see if I was following, and when he saw that I was getting ready to speak, turned and grasped my arm, saying, "I want you, also." I took one step, then said, "Just wait a moment; we have not had prayer," and before he had time to protest we were upon our knees. He at once let go of us; then it was our time and we took hold of him, holding him fast while one, then the other, prayed perhaps fifteen or twenty minutes. We told God how venders and patent medicine men could come out on that very corner and sing obscene songs and crack

coarse jokes, then cheat and get the people's money, and it was all right. But when two boys came along singing religious songs and trying to do the people good, they must be arrested. We asked God to have mercy upon the officials and lay not this sin to their charge. By this time men were "fighting-mad" in our favor.

We were taken to the mayor's office to have a hearing. Men and women pressed their way to the front, while one said, "What are the charges? I will pay it, if it is \$20.00." Another cried out and said, "I will pay it if it is \$100.00." Still farther back one spoke, "I would not touch those boys for \$1,000.00." By this time the old mayor was getting frightened and seemed to feel as did the Scribes and Pharisees when they sought to lay hands upon Jesus, "but feared the people." We were released, went out and finished our street service.

The daily papers took it up, and from this time people began to come to the church, many, of course, just to see what kind of beings we were that we should be arrested for preaching the gospel. Bible conviction began to seize hold of them and sometimes the churchyard was full of people one hour before service in order to get seats. The interest was so great that men climbed up on the

trees and windows outside, to look in as the aisles were packed out to the street at both entrances and it was difficult to have enough room for the seekers to kneel. God was in the midst, saving, sanctifying and healing the people. The meeting continued for five months. We organized a class of nearly forty, built a nice church and dedicated it free of debt in nine months from the time we entered the town.

On one occasion a traveling man was out for a walk Sunday morning and came down by the old church. We were having altar service and a number were seeking holiness; one was praying in a loud manner, saying, "Let me die," and another was saying, "Yes, kill him out." The traveling man rushed back to his hotel, saying, "Send some officer down to that old brick building at once, for there is a big fight there." And he was right, for a number died the death to carnality and got free indeed. One Sabbath morning while we were preaching, a young man who had been cramped and held down just as long as he could stand it, sprang into the air saying, "That's the stuff," and from that time on was known as "Shouting Tommy."

There were several preachers dug out in that meeting, but from lack of proper care, the work

ran down. It is very noticeable that in order to avoid a reaction after a good meeting, much depends upon the pastor who follows the revival, especially if it be conducted by an evangelist. If the pastor is out of harmony with any of the views or methods of the former, and especially if he be unwise enough to let it be known, he will either poison the minds of the converts against their spiritual father or, in his attempt to do so, do a worse thing, kill his *own* influence over them and then the work will be sure to run down. This is too frequently the case. However, taking all things into consideration, the results of this meeting directly and indirectly can be computed only in eternity.

CHAPTER VII.

DEMONS CAST OUT.

A Murderer's Threat—Demons Cast Out—Sin of Father Affects Child—The Devil Professes Religion.

He gave them power against unclean spirits, to cast them out, and to heal all manner of sickness. Matt. 10:1.

While Holy Writ declares that Jesus Christ is the "same yesterday and today and forever," the same can be said of Satan. He possesses and controls human beings today just as he did in the times of Christ.

We are accustomed to speak of it in polite terms as "fits," "spasms," "convulsions," etc., but the fact is, in many instances it is nothing more or less than demon possession. Much of the insanity so prevalent is nothing but devil possession. He assumes different forms as "a dumb spirit," "an unclean spirit," "a lying spirit," etc. Doubtless this is why those who are thus possessed are given to dumbness, licentiousness, or inveterate lying, as the case may be. God wants to offset this by empowering His ministers to cast them out according to His word in Matt. 10:1, and Mark 16:17, 18.

Another incident took place during the Greensburg meeting, of which I desire to speak. One day I was walking along the street and met a burly looking man, accompanied by several other like characters. He stopped me and in a fit of rage said, "I will be one of twelve men to ride you out of town on a rail and tar and feather you. I would just like to cut your heart out and erect it on a pole." I asked him what reason he had for speaking thus. His answer was, "For separating families." I told him we had not done so, but that his wife had been saved in our meeting and what harm could there be in that? He likewise would have been saved had he not rejected light. I remembered seeing him under such deep conviction that he turned pale and trembled, but promised to yield at another time. He was told then, that he would either yield to God, or turn against Him and His people.

After his wife was blessedly saved we were invited to their home to pray for their little thirteen-year-old daughter who had fits. It was a case similar to that recorded in Mark 9:14-29. As soon as we entered the house she came running to us, jumping up and down, clapping her hands against each side of her head and gnashing her teeth together. Then she fell down and "wal-

lowed, foaming." We knelt and in Jesus' name rebuked the foul spirit and for seven days she was free from those awful spasms; she was previously accustomed to having several each day. The seventh night this wicked father began cursing in her presence and declared God had nothing to do in curing his little girl, but that it was simply a natural change. While he was thus blaspheming, she took another spasm. Then he raved and tore, choked his wife and threatened to kill her if she went another time to those meetings. She went and he waited for her outside the door with a huge club and, raising it, declared he would be as good as his word, but God held his murderous hand so that he did not have the power to strike her.

He now saw that he must employ different tactics, so began attending a sham revival at his church, went forward, professed religion, shouted and rolled on the floor. The next morning it was reported all around what a wonderful revival was in progress, and that they had the most remarkable conversion the previous night that they had had for years. When I heard of it I said, "Praise God, I am glad to hear it, but if it is genuine, doubtless he will be coming around asking pardon for wanting an opportunity to cut

my heart out." He never came, however, but said to his wife, "Now since I want to do better, you ought to help me and go with me to the church of my choice." Well, there seemed to be a great change in him and she did not know what to answer, but as she wanted to come to our services, they finally compromised the matter and he suggested that she go one Sabbath with him and he go the next Sabbath with her. Very well; she went her day with him, but the next Sabbath he had the headache so bad he could not go anywhere. When his day came again he was able to go to church and of course took her along, but the next Sabbath, was very ill and desired that she remain at home and care for him. Thus it went on until she began to get her eyes open.

Finally he made one more proposition, viz., "Tell those boys I will give them thirty days to heal my little girl and if so, I will then go along with you and join their church, but if not you must go with me and join where I belong." When the eager wife spoke to me, I replied that we did not make contracts with the devil, and were not fishing for members, but at any rate we would set a day of fasting and prayer for the little girl. We did, and again she was miraculously delivered from the tormenting spirit and for twenty-

nine beautiful days the child was restored to her mother. But this devil-possessed father saw that his thirty days were about completed and accordingly came home the night of the twenty-ninth and began to curse and swear, saying, "I see there is no use in my trying to do right, for you will not go with me to my church and I can't go with you to the other place." At this the poor child was again taken with convulsions. Why God should permit such a thing I do not know, but sometimes He does recognize the faith and obedience of parents for the healing of their children. From this incident, as well as many others, I have learned that the devil can profess religion, shout and become very pious when it is to his interest to do so.

CHAPTER VIII.

DIVINE HEALING.

Divine Healing—Hit in the Face While Preaching—Billiard Player Enters the Ministry—Hopeless Case of Typhoid Fever Healed—Infidel “M. D.” Has More Faith Than the “D. D.”

Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases. Ps. 103:3.

What about healing? All will admit that Jesus Christ “has power to heal the body.” “Why,” they say, “He can do anything.” Such mental assenting to His Divinity is good but it gets nowhere. The question is, does the atonement make provision for the body as well as for the soul? If so, we are living beneath our privilege in being sick and incapacitated, when we might be well and at our best for God.

The philosophy of healing is plain. The God of nature has imparted healing properties to certain roots, plants, minerals, climates, etc. Now, if we were innocent and knew as much as dogs and cats, our intuition would tell us how and where to find relief. But since we do not know what to take God has mercifully made provision whereby we can come to Him and, like the woman

spoken of in Mark 5:28, get the virtue direct and first-hand rather than by way of the drug-store. Doubtless Christ could have told this woman of some natural remedy, but since He was the embodiment of "every good and perfect gift," He permitted her to get all she needed by touching Him.

On another occasion he turned water into wine. You have seen Him do this many times, but by the slow process of nature it usually takes about six months instead of six minutes. The rain falls upon the earth, the vine drinks it up, there are green, then ripe grapes, and in the end water is turned into wine. In times of emergency Christ can either hurry up natural law or set it aside and impart His life-giving virtue, which is as good or better. Hence, these natural or manufactured remedies may be allowable to those without faith (provided they can hit on the right thing every time), but God has provided "a more excellent way" for those who will implicitly trust Him. Of course, this does not imply that we act the fool and carelessly disregard the laws of health; but it does mean that when we do all in our power, the Omnipotent God stands ready to do for us what we can not do for ourselves. Hallelujah!

At Leechburg, Pa., we were preaching in the opera house. Souls were now being saved at the same spot where the devil had previously performed. Here we had some interesting street meetings. One evening while I was speaking from a large stone in front of the post-office, I realized that the "prince of the power of the air" was disturbing the elements in the form of rocks, mud balls and other things. Presently a mud ball hit me square in the face, but did not stick. When the anointing oil is upon us, we can plow through this old world of lust, pride and covetousness without anything (spiritually, and many times literally) sticking to us, or impeding our progress.

Another street meeting held in front of a billiard hall brought out some of the players, one of whom was convicted, converted, went to preaching and is still a marvel of grace.

A woman who was down with typhoid fever heard of our healing meetings and sent for me to come and pray for her. Her neighbors declared they would never have that man pray in their homes, especially a sick room, for he prayed so loudly it would disgrace them. But she insisted, so her husband came to invite us over. As we entered the house the doctor was leaving. He had left eighteen fever powders with strict or-

ders not to eat one morsel, lest it produce death.

It was then seven days since she had taken any nourishment, excepting a little boiled milk. I began talking to her about her Christian experience, and found it unsatisfactory. At one time they both enjoyed religion and held family prayers with their children, but fashion and money-making drowned it out, until God had to permit a fire to sweep away their business property with no insurance. They owned their own home, but were now again considered among the common people. I asked her if, in case she got well, it was her full purpose to renounce the world, give herself wholly to God and again erect the family altar. She replied that it was. I then read some scripture and knelt at her bedside to pray. As I rehearsed her former life with present vows to God, I heard her throw her large gold ring on the chair, and the next moment she sat erect in bed praising God and clapping her bony hands together. I then anointed her with oil in the name of the Lord for the healing of her body. Her husband looked on in amazement, and as soon as I left the room she called for her clothes and arose, went down-stairs, and ate such things as the rest of the family had for dinner. That afternoon she went out on the street to tell her

neighbors what the Lord had done for her, and met her pastor, who had previously been to see her and prayed for her "speedy recovery." By this time he had heard of her healing and said, "Woman, you are all excited and under the influence of that fanatic who was in to pray with you, and as soon as his influence lifts, you will fall prostrate on the street. Go home and go to bed." She praised God and told him she felt as well as ever in her life, and though still poor in body, she believed she would soon gain in flesh. Another preacher denounced us and preached a sermon against Divine Healing, saying, "The days of miracles and supernatural events ceased with the Apostolic age." But what good did it do these D.D.'s ("Dumb Dogs," Isa. 56:10, 11) to bark like this? There was this living example, right in their midst. The infidel doctor manifested more honesty than they, for he declared it was supernatural and desired to read up on the subject, while they did not.

It is fitting to remark that the woman did not take a relapse, but rather grew stronger, joined our society and was made class-leader. Her husband was reclaimed and did some good preaching. Their home became a home for ministers. Their well-to-do relatives far and

near heard of it, sought salvation, and as a result, other classes were organized that never would have been, had it not been for this incident. The loss of property and a case of typhoid fever were blessings in disguise.

“God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

“His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour,
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.”

CHAPTER IX.

SHALLOW REVIVALS.

**Sleeping on Benches—Disturbance at a Sham Revival—
“Throw Him Out of the House”—Conditions of Sal-
vation Unchangeable.**

Art thou he that troubleth Israel? I Kings 18:17.

Elijah was looked upon by some as a “troubler in Israel.” From time to time God raised up other prophets who likewise were a “Terror to evil-doers and a praise to them that do well.” Thus He preserved a clean people who exposed all kinds of departures from righteousness. Should not this be the case still? Does not this age need men who are so pronounced on every issue that God’s voice through them will be heard?

The night was freezing weather, and we had no place to sleep except in the town hall, where we had just closed out our first service. Accordingly, we pulled benches up to the small stove and with Bible for a pillow and overcoat for a covering, we spent our first night in Uniontown, Pa. The fire went out and this gave us a good chance to spend the rest of the night in prayer and medi-

tation. It paid to lay a good foundation, for now there is a brick church there valued at \$10,000. It was a cold beginning but a good ending. God gave us a good meeting, and we had to move to a larger hall. However, our spiritual fruit was principally hand-picked, rather than windfalls. The former do not count so fast, but are better keepers.

While our meeting was in progress, a "big meeting" began not far away. It had run only about two weeks when it was reported that nearly one hundred had been converted, sometimes ten or more in one night. A bright young man who had been converted in our meeting said to me one evening, "How is it that we see only a few saved each week, while over in this other meeting they are getting saved, as many as ten in one service?" I did not think it wise, or just, to question the thoroughness of the meeting when I did not have positive evidence, so said, "We do not have services next Monday night, and I will go over with you." We went, and instead of taking a back seat (as preachers generally do when they attend another meeting), we pressed our way as far toward the front as possible. The preacher spoke well, and cried out against many popular evils. When the altar call was given and many respond-

ed, we pressed our way forward to assist. It was difficult to get a chance to do much, for as soon as a seeker knelt, some authorized worker or convert immediately began talking to him. As far as we heard, nothing was said about renouncing the world, or praying through to victory but rather on this wise: "Do you acknowledge that you are a sinner? Do you want to be saved? Well, then, accept Christ as your Savior." Those giving affirmative answers to these or similar questions were encouraged to arise and say they had believed on Christ. Of course, this brought a sense of relief, for any one will feel better at the thought of escaping hell and having a hope of heaven. If such a hope can be had without much sacrifice and humiliation, multitudes are ready to accept and embrace it. Such seems to have been the case in this meeting.

At the close of the altar service there was a general hand-shaking and a number came and shook my hand, calling me by name and saying, "Don't you know me? Why, I have heard you preach many a time in your hall, and also at the camp meeting!" Then I inquired, "What are you doing here? Have you been converted in this meeting?" The answer was always in the affirmative. Hence I took the liberty to ask in a

pleasing manner: "And what does your religion do for you? Does it keep you from getting angry when things go wrong?"

"Not always. You know we all get worried."

Another came, and as he was still using tobacco, I said, "I am glad you have decided to live for God; but may I ask, what does your religion do for you? Does it give you victory over all unclean habits, such as tobacco, etc.?"

"Oh, well, the Bible does not mention tobacco."

"Would you like to know the reason why? Simply because it is too filthy, and then the Bible is a book of principles covering every unclean and unrighteous thing without necessarily mentioning it in so many exact words."

"Oh, well, we were getting along so nicely until you came; you just came to disturb our peace."

A third one, who was a fashionable woman, greeted me, and after telling me she had frequently attended our meetings and had just professed Christ, I ventured to ask, "And does your religion save you from the love of the world, with all its customs and fashions?"

With both hands uplifted, she said, "It makes no difference what you wear, if your heart is only

right. I could wear rings on my fingers to the tips, and get to heaven."

I did not know until that instant that she wore five rings, but replied, "My sister, you might as well say, 'It makes no difference how much I lie, if my heart is only right.' It is to be supposed, if the heart is right, your outward life will correspond with the Word."

With this, they surrounded me saying, "You have just come here to disturb our peace." One woman held a broom in her hand, another took hold of my overcoat and began pulling toward the door, and a third convert, who was a man, said, "Let us throw him out of the house!" This enraged an on-looker who was a non-professor, and stepping up, said, "If you throw him out, I will throw you out and stand you on your head." I told them it was so crowded, if they would just give me a little time I would quietly depart. As soon as we were out, the young convert who had been silently taking it all in, said, "I can see the difference now."

"Yes; they act just like I did before I was converted."

In every place where an uncompromising gospel is preached, there will be found many who get under conviction, but do not want to pay the

full price and clean up the bottom. The devil takes in the situation and is pleased to have a "cheap rate" revival scoop in such souls, for he well knows that after they have taken on a profession of religion, it is almost impossible to get them to consider the thought that they are yet without God. Oh, that souls could understand that it cost just as much to get and keep the favor of God in one place as in another. A profession, or relief of conscience can be had easily, but remember, when you want the witness from high heaven, it means an unconditional surrender at whatever altar you may kneel. God declares that he who seeks an easier way, "Turneth away his ear from hearing the law, *even his prayer* shall be abomination."

The writer does not want to be critical, but duty compels him to cry out, not only against sin of all kinds, but against such superficial methods as are used in our great revival campaigns where multitudes "accept Christ" (?) by "hitting the sawdust trail," shaking hands, or signing a card.

We have attended these meetings, studied their methods, and witnessed the sad after effects of such campaigns. If this class of evangelists posed as reformers, we could bid them Godspeed, but when they get hundreds and thousands to

think that the new birth consists in a handshake, signing a card and mentally accepting Christ, we cannot be partakers with them in thus deceiving souls.

When gold and diamonds are more apparent than "modest apparel;" when the secret lodge system is winked at and the doctrine of holiness slapped at; when the cries of a penitent or the shouts of a saint create confusion, when tobacco-soaked preachers and fashionable church members are among the "personal workers"—when these are some of the earmarks in a "campaign," what kind of converts may we expect? No wonder Wesley cried out and said, "How terrible is this! when the ambassadors of God turn agents for the devil!—when they who are commissioned to teach men the way to heaven, do in fact teach the way to hell. If ever asked, 'Why, who does this?' I answered, 'Ten thousand wise and honorable men; even all those, of whatever denomination, who encourage the proud, the trifler, the passionate, the lover of the world, the man of pleasure, the unjust or unkind, the easy, careless, harmless, useless creatures, the man who suffers no persecution for righteousness' sake, to imagine he is in the way to heaven. These are false prophets, in the highest sense of the word. These are trai-

tors both to God and man. These are no other than the firstborn of Satan; the eldest son of Apollyon, the destroyer. These are far above the rank of ordinary cut-throats; for they murder the souls of men. They are continually peopling the realms of night; and whenever they follow the poor souls they have destroyed, 'hell shall be moved from beneath to meet them at their coming.' ”

CHAPTER X.

SEEKING HEART PURITY.

A Crisis in Life—Seeking Heart Purity After Having Professed and Preached it for Years—Crucifixion Rather Than Consecration—What the Old Writers Say.

Knowing this, that our old man is crucified with him, that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin. Rom. 6:6.

I here feel led to refer to my seeking the experience of heart purity. It was on this wise. After doing some evangelistic work in Ohio, Pennsylvania and West Virginia, I was much worn in body, and for a change temporarily took charge of an orphans' home in Virginia. Like Moses on the "back side of the desert," I found this a good place to get away from the people and enjoy long seasons of waiting upon God. While doing so, the Holy Spirit unexpectedly discovered to me that my experience needed a general overhauling.

I had been professing and preaching holiness, and numbers had professed the experience under my ministry. I see now that though I was partly responsible, nevertheless one reason I did not get down to business before was that no one got me

under conviction. When the thought came that I did not have what ought to be included in the mighty baptism with the Holy Ghost, I naturally looked around to see some one to whom I could unbosom my heart. I had become so well acquainted with the inside life of ministers that I confess I did not know where to go, so again concluded that if they had it, I had also. They may have had the experience, I hope so, but for some reason their lives and preaching did not bring conviction.

On several occasions I had special seasons of fasting and prayer, each time receiving mighty quickenings of the Spirit, but like others, stopped short with these, instead of taking them as an incentive to the final crucifixion.

I well remember one of these occasions, in which the Holy Ghost tried to lead me into the genuine experience. We were having a farewell service, when a number of bright, intelligent converts came forward, and attributed their salvation to something I had said or done. I felt a sense of inward satisfaction over the thought that my labor had not been in vain in the Lord. Very well, doubtless it was all right to feel thus, but what about the contrast of feeling when other converts who were equally bright, spoke in the

same manner of my co-laborer; this was what opened my eyes. Outwardly I appeared just the same, but way down inside of me there was something that did not rejoice. I also noticed that it did not affect me thus except with particularly bright and promising converts. After going home I determined to investigate what such an unpleasant sensation could be. The next morning at family prayers I said, "Brethren, I do not believe I am sanctified wholly. I have serious doubts whether all unholy tempers and tendencies are eliminated." One spoke up, "You surely must be under pressure; I have been closely connected with you for months and have never noticed in one instance anything like pride, lust, self-will or covetousness." I replied, "Very well, but you have seen only the outside and not the inner movements of my soul."

This illustrated the power of regenerating grace. Yet at times I had misgivings and wondered in my own mind how these things could be consistent with a holy heart. I talked with my brethren in the ministry about it and they eased me down instead of probing to the bottom to try to locate the trouble. Some called it "temptation," and some "human infirmities." Nevertheless, my peace was disturbed and my soul longed

for deliverance. Somehow I could not obtain a satisfactory witness and it seemed no one could help me to go further and deeper than they had gone themselves. On several occasions I followed the directions of my brethren and made a "full and complete consecration and dedication" of all my powers to God. The result was a great blessing and illumination of the Spirit. Of course I was urged to call this "holiness" and did so in strong terms. But in course of time I was again conscious of a lack and strongly felt that heart cry for something better. I kept it to myself and continued to profess and preach, not knowing anything else to do.

But not until this time, in Virginia, did I, as Wesley says, "see the ground-work of my heart, the depths of pride, self-will and hell." I had heard great and good men preach holiness, and had been instructed to "make an entire consecration and take it by faith," which accordingly I did and received a great "blessing." But now under the white light from heaven it seemed to me that this hurrying and singing one through did not reach the case, at least *my* case. Hence I began to read up, and found that the early writers were more thorough in their methods and expressions than most of those in our day.

Adam Clarke says: "Few are pardoned because they do not feel and confess their sins, and few are cleansed from all sin or sanctified because they do not *feel and confess their own sore and the plague of their own hearts.*"

Fletcher says: "The deeper our sorrow for and detestation of indwelling sin are, the more penitently do we confess 'the plague of our heart;' and, when we properly confess it, we inherit the blessing promised in these words: "If we confess our sins He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

"To promote this *deep repentance*, consider how many spiritual evils still haunt your breast. Look into' the inward 'chamber of imagery, where assuming self-love, surrounded by a multitude of vain thoughts, keeps her court. Grieve that your heart, which should be all flesh, is yet partly stone; that your soul, which should be only a temple for the Holy Ghost, is yet so frequently turned into a den of thieves, a hole for the cockatrice, a nest for a brood of spiritual vipers, for the remains of envy, jealousy, fretfulness, anger, pride, impatience, peevishness, formality, sloth, prejudice, bigotry, carnal confidence, evil shame, self-righteousness, tormenting fears, uncharitable suspicions, idolatrous love, and I know not how

many of the evils which form the retinue of hypocrisy and unbelief. *Through grace detect these evils;* by a close attention to what passes in your heart *at all times*, but especially in an hour of temptation. By *frequent and deep confession drag out all these abominations*. These sins which would not have Christ to reign alone over you, *bring before Him*; place them in the light of His countenance, and if you do it in faith, that light and the warmth of His love will kill them, as the light of the sun kills the worms which the plow turns up to the open air in a dry summer day."

These and other holy men led me to believe that God's method in dealing with the carnal mind was confession and crucifixion. The general idea is to seek a great blessing. Now, as I abandoned myself to the operations of the Spirit, He revealed to me in order, one phase of carnality, then another, dwelling on some particular tendencies longer than others, according to my disposition. Many times during this overhauling I was so overpowered by the Spirit that I was ready to declare the work done. But then after *holding still*, the same faithful Revealer would uncover some other, and, if possible, more subtle trait. He kept this up for some time, until I com-

pletely died out to my feverish haste—to that disposition that wanted to profess quickly in order to protect my reputation and the cause of God.

Oh, how I thanked Him then and do yet, that He did not let me stop short, though at times, I had great peace and joy. Instead of my having to force myself, it was the highest sense of relief to “drag out” every abomination. Finally He brought me to the end of myself where it was easy and natural to believe to the cleansing of the soul. I dared not confess any more. I could do nothing else but look up and say, “I believe Thee to do it *now*, NOW, NOW.” Then He gave the witness so clear that I realized the Omnipotent gaze could scan me through and through and find nothing more that He saw ought to be removed. That precious blood still flows over and cleanses my heart from all sin. Praise His adorable name! Reader, how is it with you? Do not rest in a profession, but hold yourself to the cross, until the precious Blood, through faith, cleanses and permeates your entire being.

CHAPTER XI.

NEW EXPERIENCES.

Courtship and Marriage—Ten Years of Happy Married Life—The Unexpected—Blairsville Meeting—Dealing With the Color Line.

Where no counsel is the people fall: but in the multitude of counsellors there is safety. Prov. 11:14.

Marriage is of such a momentous nature that of all things it should not be taken in hand unadvisedly. Many a life has been blasted because of haste in this matter! Then many more there are who though they have not been a complete failure, yet have not accomplished what they might have, had God been permitted to wholly order their steps.

When God originally chose a helpmeet for man He did not take the material from his upper extremities lest she should rule over him, nor did the Creator use a part of man's lower extremities lest he should trample her under foot. But God took a "rib" from near Adam's heart that she should be loved and protected by him; that she should run by his side, and be equal with him, and that his rights should be her rights. Now, to get the proper companion, a man who is not clear-

ly led of the Spirit runs twenty-three chances out of twenty-four of getting the wrong rib.

I have much to be thankful for that God mercifully prevented my doing as many young people do, in foolishly falling in love, getting married and then settling down to struggle for an existence.

Some time after my conversion God permitted a love affair to be broken up. For the time being it almost broke my foolish heart, but it was the best thing that could have happened. God saw that though she was beautiful and had religion, yet she was not the forceful character I needed to help master difficulties, and be a good balance-wheel. Her after life proved that she was not the one for me. God had something better, but it required years of waiting. It frequently pays to wait. While in prayer at a camp meeting in Illinois, the Lord first revealed to me my counterpart in the person of a powerful little preacher, Miss Minnie Baldwin. Though we had not said a word, the same thing was revealed to others. We did not see each other for one year, during which time only three letters were written by each of us. We resolved to keep our eyes upon the throne more than upon the post office. At the next yearly meeting we were happily united, and lived together for ten beautiful years, after which the

most unexpected thing of my life took place; God kissed her pure spirit away. Much could be said here, but more will appear in another chapter.

After our marriage our first meeting together was at New Brighton, Pa., the result of which was one of the strongest classes in the Pittsburg conference. In some respects this place had no better showing than the work at Greensburg (formerly mentioned) except that here at New Brighton the pastor took hold and fell into line without being quick to take exception to every little difference of opinion that might come up. This pleased the converts and they were ready to follow their new Joshua anywhere he might lead them. It seems a great pity that some pastors have so completely dried up and gone to seed that well-nigh everything they touch dies upon their hands. And yet these are the very ones who get tried when they are not given one of the best appointments. Oh, that a bolt of heavenly lightning might strike such! They would make a big blaze for they are so very dry.

Our next opening was Blairsville, where we rented the old M. E. Church, using the upstairs for services and the class-rooms for living quarters. They were so dirty and barny-looking that the tidy little wife wept when we entered, but as

there was no available house, we had to make the best of it. Soap, water and muscle soon made things look cozy. This was a successful four-months' meeting, several preachers, workers and one missionary to India, besides a good class of pilgrims, being the result. Thus we have several representatives who are preaching during the same hours that we are sleeping. Sometimes getting one preacher or missionary dug out in a revival is equivalent to a large number of commonplace souls.

One of our next places was in old Virginia, not far from Richmond. This was my first experience laboring in a section where the color-line existed, and I was full of zeal to obliterate it. I felt it was so unjust and unscriptural that the colored people were excluded from the religious services that I began to invite them. They came and filled up the back seats that were unoccupied. It was not long before they began to feel at home, and became very free in assenting to the truth. The whites began to take exceptions, but we thought it was simply prejudice, and they needed to be taught that the colored man had the same right to salvation that any white man had.

But they could not be thus taught, and we found it impossible to turn in a few weeks a sen-

timent that had held sway for generations. The result was that the white people stopped altogether, and finally used violent methods to intimidate the colored people from coming. When the colored people ceased to attend we thought to have good attendance from the whites again; but no, by some secret understanding among themselves, they agreed to stay away. It would never do to sit on the same seats, live in the same house, or on the same street, that was formerly occupied by "niggers." I found that though God had enabled me to be more than a match for mobs, arrests, poverty and dynamite, this kind of prejudice was too much for me. The people would smile and be apparently friendly, but that old sectional feeling was deeply seated within. I confess I did not know how to take them, for I had been accustomed to meeting hostility open and above-board.

There is that distinguishing feature about the North and the South. In the North, you will either be welcomed or openly opposed, while in the South the people will either fall in love with you so as to almost drown you with their hospitality, or you will be given a "good letting alone" without being told the reason why. In the North each town or community stands upon its own

merit, so that if you are opposed in one place you can go a few miles distant and be heartily received. In the South they are more clannish and if one man, or community, is set against you, the others will be likewise. This clinging to each other may date back to the "reconstruction period" at close of the (un-civil) war, when intense poverty and suffering cemented these people together.

Each section is to blame for its attitude toward the other. The Northern papers and people excuse the colored man and look upon him as a martyr; then the Southern papers go to the other extreme and picture him as unworthy our respect, or of an opportunity to rise.

The fact is, there is a great difference between the colored man of the South and the colored man of the North. This may be the result of two things, viz.; first, it may be that in the past the better class of colored people have gone North. Nevertheless, there are many intelligent, industrious and spiritually-minded colored people throughout the entire South. It is a pity that there is little, if any, distinction placed between such and those who are illiterate and vicious. Second, those who go North feel that there is more respect shown them than in the South, and

it has a tendency to put them upon their honor to maintain that respect. If a man knows that merit and good behavior will entitle him to a place among men (irrespective of birth) it will go a great way toward his elevation. The negro of the South knows that he is under and that everybody intends to keep him there. This has a tendency either to embitter and make him more vicious, or to stultify all possibility of development and in the last analysis leave him a mere stoical machine.

I have found from experience that the best plan in dealing with this difficult question is to go ahead and mind your own business, letting the colored people draw their own line. If they drop in to service pay no attention, else you offend one or the other class. Nearly every zealous Northerner has to learn the lesson for himself, and at first cripple or kill his influence and usefulness before he will be convinced that he cannot come South, single-handed and convert everything to his way of thinking in a moment of time. Preach repentance, restitution and surrender to God, and as fast as the people get under conviction they will forget their old prejudice. After all, God alone can save the Southerner from his hot-headedness, and the Yankee from his cold-bloodedness. Let us give Him a chance.

CHAPTER XII.

FIRST TRIP TO FLORIDA.

Experience at Jacksonville, Florida—Mrs. Shelhamer Preaches to Immense Crowds in Atlanta Convention—Returns to the North.

Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will shew thee. Gen. 12:1.

God and His providences often lead in a round-about way before we find our proper place. Sometimes His leadings are very clear, then again He chooses a circuitous route, as in the case of Abraham, whom He "led in a way that he knew not." The command was, "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and come into a land that I shall shew thee."

We did not know what it meant, but in order to escape the severe winters of the North, and because of a strong conviction to labor in the South, the fall of 1894 found us in Jacksonville, Fla. With but a few dollars left, we began to realize that we were strangers in a strange land. But with an indomitable purpose we set in to wake up the most wicked small city we were ever in. Af-

ter preaching here and there, we opened a mission in the center of the city, though the only available place was a hall on the third floor, formerly used for a cigar factory, and later as a rendezvous for tramps. In fancy I can hear the horrible snores and nightmares now as those poor fellows kicked and rolled over at the head of the stairs, where they fled in order to escape the police. After a siege of cleaning we curtained off a corner which we called "home," and began operations. We had some interesting services (so much so that we were threatened with arrest), but being in the third story, and especially the fact that it rained every night, except two, during February, made it difficult to get a large attendance. This made finances very low, and sometimes I sold the last postage-stamp in order to get something to eat.

The air was raw and penetrating, and I suffered more with cold than in Chicago, when the weather was 35 below zero. I was harassed frequently with the thought, "This time you have made a mistake and gotten out of divine order." But after long seasons of prayer faith again triumphed, assuring us that God would yet get glory out of it, which He did in more ways than I could mention here. We were being prepared for bet-

ter things, as great testings and victories generally come alternately.

In the spring the way providentially opened to hold a meeting in Waycross, Ga. At times the house could not contain the people, and the daily paper published extracts from my wife's sermons. One of the first altar calls brought about forty seekers. At first I thought to myself, "We have now found a ripe field and shall have the greatest revival of our lives." But my fond hopes soon fled, for we could not get one to utter a sentence of prayer. There they sat as much as to say, "Now you sing us through or relate some touching incident to make us weep and feel good, for that is the way we carry on big meetin's here." One of us led in prayer, but no sooner had "Amen" been said, than, to our surprise, small and great, old and young, scrambled to their feet, and made for their seats. We glanced at each other in wonderment for a moment, then dismissed with a determination to study the situation further. The fact was, they were not thoroughly awakened, but acted largely because others did, and not from a sense of personal need. We ceased to give any more altar calls for several days, during which time old-fashioned repentance and restitution were preached. When the next invita-

tion was given only a few responded, but they were ready to do their own praying through, until victory came. This was an object-lesson, and made others hungry to find God.

We found that the Southern people were more of a religious turn of mind and not so skeptical as those in the North, but on the other hand were much harder to mold into strong, sturdy Christian characters. In the South it is an easy thing to see the altar crowded, but it is quite another thing to see them pray through and then stick. In the North the preacher can hurl the truth at the people, sometimes several weeks before any one will move, and then, perhaps, only one at a time, but such are generally young giants from the start.

This meeting ran three weeks, and we were offered one hundred dollars to continue longer, but we were not after money; moreover we felt the people had all they could well digest for the time. There were other openings, but we accepted the one at Jesup, Ga. Here we were surprised to find the pastor who invited us, though professing holiness, still using tobacco and wearing a large Freemason badge. His wife, who played the organ continued to wear her jewelry. After a few services the old gospel plow began to turn up

things that were thought to be successfully covered up, and this scared the poor pastor. He publicly stated that though the meeting was doing great good, yet he and some of the stewards feared, if it continued, it would split the church. He took two votes to try to close, but each time the majority wanted the meeting to go on, and it did, though he left town. I then and there decided not to attempt again to work with a secret-society, tobacco-using preacher, unless he promised, beforehand, to keep hands off and not get frightened.

While here, I received a sample copy of a little paper containing an announcement of a holiness convention to be held in a large tent in Atlanta. Though total strangers, we felt led to go. The first day we remained unnoticed, but one morning after the writer had testified, Brother Dodge (now deceased) came walking toward him with hand extended and said:

“Well, bless the Lord, who are you anyway?”

I was asked to preach that afternoon, and every day after that during the convention. My little “son of thunder” took the night services, immense crowds coming to hear her. Most of the preachers, along with many others, went to digging, and it was declared to be the deepest meet-

ing that they ever had. We had never met such a teachable and appreciative people. They contended among themselves who should entertain us, and numerous homes were open to us for the entire summer. But there is another chapter to this. We finally decided to go North and return in the fall.

CHAPTER XIII.

“IN PERSECUTIONS OFT.”

Returns South—Mission in Atlanta—Driven Out—First “Repairer” Office—Sectional Prejudice—Tent and Gospel Wagon Donated—A Whole Street Meeting Arrested.

They that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution. II Tim. 3:12.

As a rule, things do not turn out exactly as one anticipates. Many times when we have misgivings concerning our incompetency the Lord steps in and happily surprises us, but when we feel quite self-confident concerning a matter, then He has to permit rebuffs and disappointment. In one instance we are depressed, then comes a lifting above it all; then again we have a specially free time, and when so, it is wise to “rejoice with trembling,” lest we have an equal humiliation.

In revival work it is quite safe to allow that when everything is favorable to begin with, sooner or later the unlooked for will be forthcoming. The beginnings of a good cause are generally small and discouraging, but the outcome proves to be a tremendous success. These things ought not to discourage faith, but rather fortify one to be watchful as well as full of expectancy. We found

these principles held good concerning the work in Atlanta.

We returned from Pennsylvania, November 1, 1895, and by invitation, began a meeting at once in a mission on Peters Street, then under the auspices of the North Georgia Holiness Association. The revival was a clean sweep, taking in holiness professors, many of whom found they did not have the genuine article. After a number prayed through it brought light and conviction upon others until it reached the leader, who saw that to get right meant restitution. Though rich and well able to do it, he backed down, wrote to the president of the association (who was out of the city) to return quickly, for "Shelhamer," said he, "is about to organize a Free Methodist Church in the mission." Such a thing had never been intimated, or even thought of. However, it brought the president back and immediately his countenance toward us was changed. He said the meeting must close and locked the door. Seeking souls desired us to pray with them, and having no place, we invited them up-stairs into our 12x14 room, which was bed-room, tract-room, "The Repairer" office, and all we had in the world. Here the fire broke out anew, and in order to stop it they raised the rent to twenty-five dollars a

month, knowing, of course, that we could not meet it. A reporter was sent to interview me, and came out in his paper in large headlines, "Shelhamer Lost the Mission." He went on to describe my height, color of hair and eyes, then said: "If he ever *does* succeed in establishing a congregation here it will be a unique one, for the lightest word he uses is *law*." Now the opposition began and from the same pulpits where I had formerly preached, I was now denounced. I had preached in different city churches, but they were now all united in opposing the "crank from the North." One dear old preacher spoke to me thus: "Understand, I have nothing against you, only I wish you had stayed where you belonged, and I had never seen you." A prominent woman in religious circles said, "All I wish is that the Mason and Dixon wall had been one hundred feet high, and one hundred feet thick so that Shelhamer could never have gotten over it."

We were forced to move from above the mission, having to use a wheelbarrow because of lack of funds. We did not then realize that God was permitting it all in order to enlarge our borders. Venturing by faith, we rented a seven-room house. Having outgrown this, our next move was to an eleven, and the third to a seven-

teen-room house, each time being more centrally located.

During the first year or so the fight was on in earnest, even the children being taught to ridicule any one who dared to come toward our services. At first our meetings were held in private dwellings. A large woman, whose husband got saved in our meetings, was so enraged that she wanted to horsewhip me if I ever stepped inside her door. She boiled over, then came to the meeting and was blessedly saved. People came from different parts of the city to attend our morning family prayers which frequently lasted until noon, and sometimes till toward night. A man from Iowa heard that we needed a place of worship and shipped, prepaid, a new tent worth one hundred and fifty dollars. Another man from Chattanooga, Tenn., sent a Gospel Wagon, capable of seating ten, or more. All we lacked now, was a team of horses to take us from place to place where we could sing and speak to the masses. Finally a business man whose wife had recently been saved, came forward publicly in the tent-meeting and told me he had two fine horses. Though he belonged to a big city church, and professed holiness, I knew he would get frightened if the Holy Ghost stirred up a commotion, so

remarked, "Well, we will pray about it." Though he did not utter a word, he was stirred to the bottom, for he thought I would shout and make a big ado over him and his horses. He went home and told his wife that he never saw such an unthankful man in all his life. It seemed to take this to let him see his true condition, and the following night he felt himself hanging over hell. Early the next morning he was down at our home to pray through, and until nine o'clock that night, without any intermission, God reined him up to one thing after another as fast as he could belch it out. The solemnity of the judgment pervaded the place, so that every one felt like prostrating himself upon his face. God got the man, his horses and entire family.

Some time after this we were holding a street meeting and the police started to arrest us, and took this brother, as he was in charge of the wagon. I intercepted them saying: "You can not take him unless you take the others, for I am his pastor and more responsible than he for this meeting." He said, "All right, I will take the whole pack," and called up the two-horse patrol. While waiting for the patrol we pitched in to get our money's worth out of the service. Presently the horses dashed up to the ring and an officer

came in and took me by the arm, saying: "Come on, Cap," and crowded sixteen of us into the wagon. As the driver put the lash to the horses we started up and sang, "All hail the power of Jesus' name." There was just the right crowd on to make the springs ride easy. Sam Jones denounced the action of the mayor in one of the daily papers, saying, "There was more real piety in that old patrol that day than in any ten square acres in Atlanta." We stood a trial, won the case, and since that time have had the inside track on large and interesting street meetings, which have sometimes lasted for three hours.

The Baptist Ministerial Association had the courage to draw up a resolution taking issue against the action of the mayor, but the Methodist preachers waited until the papers and public sentiment were in our favor, then they likewise expressed themselves. "A friend in need is a friend indeed."

Since God has helped us to live down the two-fold prejudice, religious and sectional, it is pitiable to see some of our former opposers. They would like to join in, in the interesting services, and act as though nothing had ever occurred, but God and conscience will not let them. This proves that a thing is not settled at all, until it is settled right.

CHAPTER XIV.

A GREAT BATTLE.

Camp Meeting at Indian Springs, Georgia—Praying All Night—In a “Holiness Mob”—God Wins the Battle.

I will make thee unto this people a fenced brazen wall; and they shall fight against thee, but they shall not prevail against thee: for I am with thee to save thee and to deliver thee, saith the Lord. Jer. 15:20.

The necessity of having an experience in grace where all unholy elements are removed, is proven from the fact that there come in every life crucial tests, or unexpected success, the result of which may cause shipwreck unless every treacherous principle is eliminated from the soul. God permits these things (as in the case of Job and others), either to show us what grace has accomplished, or to reveal existing tendencies that we thought were removed.

The writer had a good opportunity to test his experience at a state camp meeting held at Indian Springs, Ga.

The first day, I was asked to preach, and had much help from God, though some thought the

standard of regeneration rather high. At the close of the service I felt strongly led to the woods for secret prayer, whereupon I opened my Bible and my eyes fell upon the words at the head of this chapter. I had no sooner read them, than the power of the Spirit so came upon me that I could not refrain from shouting and laughing aloud. I did not then know what it meant, but later found that it was preparatory to the battle that should ensue. The next day a prominent lady evangelist arrived, whom they had engaged for the meeting. Her strong personality from the start either intimidated the people, or demanded their respect.

I believe it was the second night, things were moving, or attempting to move, under high pressure, but for some reason did not meet with satisfactory results. She made various propositions, such as "Every one who is saved and not sanctified, come forward and give me your hand." "Every one who is saved and not sanctified, but wants to be, give me your hand." "Every one who is not saved, but wants our prayers, give me your hand." Sometimes the order was to clap the hands, or shake handkerchiefs. These tests quickly located every one, but to all of them I did not feel led to respond, so sat quietly in the spirit of

prayer; whereupon I was pointed out and addressed in a shrill tone: "Brother, why don't you take part in this meeting?" A pause of silence for an answer, then I said, "I feel burdened." "So you are burdened, are you," came with a sarcastic tone and air.

At the close of the service she came down from the platform and said to me: "I have been impressed with your appearance ever since I saw you, and would like to have you take part in the services." I thanked her, but told her I personally knew many of these handshakers and could not rejoice over their professing holiness.

The people dispersed and I quietly remained to spend the night alone in prayer.

The next day, a confidential talk took place, at the close of which I remarked: "Sister, I fear you are just where I myself once was—preaching a theory without the experience. You seem to manifest such an impatient spirit when things do not start or stop to suit you. And then, there seems to be such a lack of discernment in dealing with souls around the altar, hurrying them through to profess holiness when you ought to see at a glance that many of them are without saving grace. Then, again, I have been so burdened for you and this meeting that I could not

sleep the past two nights, and I am quite sure this burden is of the Lord. Now, I do not know whether this will do you any good or not, for there is not one evangelist in a hundred who rises as high as you, that will ever humble himself and go down. However, I have delivered my soul, and will meet this talk at the judgment. Let me add, in conclusion, please do not consider me your enemy, but keep this to yourself, and weigh it before God. He alone can show you. I shall pray for you and say nothing to any one."

She was moved upon, and with tears thanked me, saying that she, herself, had some doubts about her experience. We then shook hands and separated.

The next morning the service was being operated with a stern hand, but for some reason lacked freedom. What could be the matter? Is there an Achan in the camp? No; but there on the front seat sat one who, like Mordecai, did not bow, or quickly fall into line at every crack of the whip. This she could stand no longer, and with pointed finger, said: "What is wrong with you, Sledgehammer? You don't think I have the experience, do you?" Coming closer she repeated, "Now, you *don't* think I have the experience, do you?" This was repeated several times, and,

of course, had its desired effect, working upon the sympathies of the people.

No attempt was made to answer until I looked around to find an enraged crowd upon their feet denouncing the disturber of the peace. (Jer. 6:14). I had known what it was to be egged, rocked, arrested, shot at and surrounded by different kinds of mobs, but this was the first *holiness mob* I was ever in. When I saw them closing in upon me I asked if I might say a word. She replied that I might, and immediately, as in the case of King Saul, the Spirit came upon her and she began to defend him whom she had sought to destroy. She turned upon the preachers and others who were on their feet and said: "Sit down, every last one of you; I tell you to sit down and listen to this man of God. When you get so interested in my soul that you will pray two whole nights for me as he has, then you can speak, but not until then."

All was very quiet again, and every eye was riveted upon the lone man, expecting him to take his opportunity to tell what he thought of them. Instead, he quietly stepped upon the bench where he could be seen, and began to tell what a wonderful thing it was to be saved from all inward stirrings and to be kept calm in times of pres-

sure and misunderstanding. When he was about to sit down she knelt at the altar and said, "Pray for me."

There would have been some hope of her getting an experience had she not been bolstered up and prejudiced after she left the auditorium. But she was told it would never do for one so prominent, and especially the "invited help," to go to seeking a better experience. What would the anti-holiness people say?

The next day the fight was on in earnest, and for four or five days I was publicly scorned and hissed at in testimony and preaching. As I walked across the camp ground I could hear them say to each other, "There he goes! There he goes!!" No one dared associate intimately with me lest he fare likewise. A preacher was heard to remark, "What we need to do with Shelhamer is that every one give him the 'cold shoulder,' and he will leave."

The privilege of testifying was officially refused me by the president of the meeting, and on being asked the reason why, with promise that nothing would be said to reflect upon any one, he replied, "That may be so, but you will speak in such a way as to discount the rest of us." By this time some began to get under deep con-

viction, and followed me to my tent to pray, but a stop was soon put to that. Finally, about the eighth day one of the preachers who had been looking on, arose and said, "Brethren, I do not believe I am a sanctified man. I know I could not stand what that man has stood and keep sweet. If you folks had treated me as you have treated him, I would have skinned you alive long ago. I do not ask any of the rest of you to pray for me, but I would like that abused man to pray with me."

He knelt at the altar, and after a pause, the president of the camp meeting said, "Go and pray with him, Brother S——." The seeker prayed through to a good experience, and this was like a bombshell in the camp. A second preacher arose and said he was also a candidate for a better experience, and with this the tide began to turn; he who was under began to rise, and they who were on top began to sink, many of whom came around and apologized.

God frequently whispered to my soul, saying, "If you will hold still and let me defend you, you will be preaching and shouting, long after your opposers have been forgotten." This is already true in both respects. The last that was heard of the evangelist, she had joined the Dowieites,

and later died. She sent five dollars and requested me to send her a book teaching holiness, as we understood it. The president of the camp meeting did the same. He was also frank enough to confess that the light we had received was at present too strong for his people, but he hoped to bring them up to it. He seemed willing (at a later camp meeting) to let wife preach, but some of his committee were afraid. After these years of living down prejudice many of those who were former opposers have become staunch friends.

These things are mentioned merely to show that it is better to let God vindicate and fight the battles, than to try to do so yourself. But if you are not dead, during such times, the self-life will become agitated and you will say something—generally too much. Get everything burned out that can not hold still.

CHAPTER XV.

THE TIDE TURNS.

**Attends an Annual Conference—Committee Meets Train
But Misses Their Man—God Captures Things—Rank
Superstition.**

*All things work together for good to them that love God.
Rom. 8:28.*

God knows how to make the wrath of man to praise Him. Likewise living faith, which is akin to Omnipotence, turns everything to its account and circumstances that once caused defeat are now incentives to greater victories. Like the mariner who harnesses up adverse winds to propel him toward the desired haven, we can learn the tactics of spiritual navigation and plow through things that most people sink under; yea, we can so outwit the concerted schemes of men and devils that in the end God will receive more glory and His cause more lasting good than had they never occurred.

The experience at the Georgia camp meeting opened up the way for considerable free advertising. The "big guns" began to boom in every direction. One of the leading holiness papers in

the South opened its columns for two noted writers to warn the people against the "Fanatic from Atlanta." Letters flew thick and fast to head off any openings I might receive, and of course they were successful. In addition to letters, some places were actually canvassed by holiness preachers, in order to keep me out. This continued for three years in a most refined and unrelenting manner. Its coming from prominent holiness leaders naturally gave force and was the more convincing that I was "unsound" and "dangerous" sure enough.

About this time I received an invitation to attend an annual conference session in the southern part of the State. The president of the conference was remonstrated with for giving the invitation, whereupon he answered, "I have heard so much about that man I want to see if he has hoofs and horns; let him come."

"No, but it will split this conference."

"Well, if one man can split this conference it ought to be split wide open."

It was evident that talking was of no avail, hence some other measure must be adopted to prevent my arrival. Accordingly, a committee was appointed to meet the train and intercept me, telling me my presence was not wanted. They

met the train but failed to see the fellow for whom they were looking, as they had him pictured "about fifty years of age, heavy-set, with gray hair, shaggy eye-brows, chin beard, sour-looking and ready to find fault at the first little thing he saw." Instead, they saw a slender, smooth-faced, boyish-looking fellow get off, and said among themselves, "Surely that is not he; he looks too innocent and humble to hurt anybody." Lest they offend a respectable stranger they let him pass.

He walked down to the church where the conference was being held and was asked to preach that night. The preachers and people were on their guard watching every gesture and weighing the orthodoxy of every expression, but while so doing the Spirit was at work, and sandy foundations were being undermined. As soon as he sat down the president of the conference arose and said: "Brethren, I see under the light of the Holy Ghost that I am a backslider, and I for one am going to the altar."

Others followed, and soon the place was filled with sobbing and praying. God seemed to take them by surprise and capture the whole thing. The next day, while in business session, the secretary of the conference arose and said, "Breth-

ren, they say an open confession is good for the soul, and I am going to make one; some of the rest of you need to do likewise, but I will let you do your own confessing. I see clearly that I have been fighting against one of God's prophets, and by listening to everything I heard I have closed many doors against him, but by the grace of God, from this time on I will open as many as I have closed. Come up here, Brother Shelhamer."

I did so, and not only the secretary, but eight or nine preachers followed in hand-shaking, embracing and weeping. During that conference session a number of preachers and people came out into a large place. The committee related afterwards how they missed their man at the train. The secretary who published a paper, voluntarily came out in it, as he had on the conference floor, only at more length, and from that time there were more invitations than we could fill.

Notwithstanding the fact that the backbone of prejudice was now broken, yet there still existed, as doubtless there always will, individual cases. One evangelist has frequently declared that "Shelhamer has a mesmeric power that he throws over the people."

Another instance: In a series of meetings in

South Georgia, some came through curiosity, a few of whom ventured to go forward at the close of the service and shake hands, thereby getting a closer view of the "monstrosity" in charge. After returning to their seats they urged one of their company, a woman, to go up and shake hands. She replied, "Never! I would not shake hands with that man for anything in the world."

"Why, we did, and he was a pleasant man to talk to."

"Aye, that's it. He acts meek and humble until he gets his power over you, and then you are helpless."

At another place certain ones positively refused to shake hands for fear the "power" might be transmitted to them through the hand. Surely, we do not need to go back to Paul's day to find superstition and deep-seated prejudice. Nevertheless, in all this, faith triumphed, and we could not have thought up anything half so interesting by which to advertise ourselves, or the work of God. During these years we could frequently and truthfully quote: "By evil report and good report: as deceivers and yet true; as unknown, and yet well known." II Cor. 6:8, 9.

CHAPTER XVI.

VALUE OF PUBLIC CONFESSION.

Atlanta Convention—Five Preachers Seek Holiness—Public Confession—Texas Meeting—Presiding Elder Reclaimed.

If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. I Jno. 1:9.

Truth appeals to the conscience even when the will rejects it.

Some people do not believe in confession, but as a rule these are the very ones that need to do some of it. A number of years ago we were having a Holiness Convention in Atlanta, and among the seekers were five preachers. They were in different parts of the hall pouring their hearts out to God.

One brother was bemoaning the principle of covetousness, and in proof thereof told God how, when he built his house and used half a keg of nails, instead of returning the unused portion he just let them stand around until the hardware man had forgotten all about it.

Another brother was seeing the deceitfulness

of his nature and that his tendency was either to evade or exaggerate the truth. On one occasion, years before, he had killed a neighbor's dog and nobody could find who did it.

Other brethren were busily engaged, under the light of God, with some evil temper or disposition, when an old brother came in and sat down where he overheard a seeker praying. The good brother presently arose and said, "I do not believe these brethren are so bad as they say they are." The following day he came again and some of the seekers were striking fire. This brought conviction and he said, "Though there is something in us that does not like to hear these confessions, yet there is another voice that says the same principle is in *you* and you ought to acknowledge it."

Doubtless this is one reason why God sees fit to bless and use public altar services. Some things may not need to be confessed in public, but when the Spirit leads out on any line it is safe to follow and let God take care of the consequences. At least two things will be the result; the pride and fear of the seeker will be crucified, and conviction will be sent to those who hear.

I will give an account of another case in a meeting I held, or rather let the Holy Ghost run,

in Texas. It was forty miles from the nearest railroad station. The house at which I was entertained was one mile from the nearest neighbors and we could hear the wolves bark at night. The little church stood out alone on the prairie and I wondered where the people were coming from, but nevertheless they filled it. Young ladies, as well as men, came on Texas ponies as fast as they could gallop.

A young man was smitten under conviction, came to the altar, then arose and went to another young man to ask pardon. This unlocked things and was the beginning of a good meeting. The young man afterwards became our right hand man as office editor. In that same meeting God got hold of a backslidden preacher who had formerly been a presiding elder. He said that he had attended a meeting previously at Abilene, conducted by a noted holiness evangelist, and had gone forward as a seeker. The evangelist urged him to "claim the blessing," and finally declared that God had revealed to him that there was nothing wrong with the seeker, but what he needed was to "brace up" and not cast away his confidence. This seeker said that at the very time, he was guilty of committing one of the basest forms of iniquity. Oh, the need of doing clean

work and not 'healing the hurt of the daughter of my people slightly, crying peace, peace, when there is no peace.' After some hearty confessions and writing some forty letters, he was gloriously reclaimed. His entire family moved to Atlanta, where they likewise found God.

CHAPTER XVII.

GOD SUPPLIES EXPENSES.

An Experience in Philadelphia—Preachers Who Allow Themselves to be Called “Doctor”—God’s Way of Raising Expenses.

My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus. Phil. 4:19.

We had just closed a good meeting in Brooklyn, N. Y., and were on our way to Western Pennsylvania, but by request stopped over Sabbath in Philadelphia. Three services for the day had been announced in a certain church where the “Great Evangelist from Atlanta, Ga.,” was to preach. The first thing we did upon entering was to take exception to the bulletin, especially the “Great.” It is this accursed thing that fattens self in little six by seven evangelists. Preachers who allow themselves to be addressed “Doctor,” or “D. D.,” could effectually stop it *if they wanted to do so.*

The church was nearly three miles from the place of entertainment, but rather than encourage men to run or ride street cars on the Lord’s Day, we started early and walked. The services were

well attended and a number were definitely helped of God. Advantage was taken of the good crowds to raise money for the winter's fuel, a nice sum being collected each time. Not a word was said about helping to bear the traveling expenses of the preacher. Instead of hinting that I needed money, I said to myself, "Well, Hallelujah! This will give me another occasion to let God in His own way, pay the bills." Moreover, no one invited me home, no hotel was near and I was too weary to walk to my place of entertainment. About this time the people had nearly all left, when up walked an old brother and his wife, who lived but a short distance, and invited me home with them. I accepted and began contemplating a good rest after a hard day's work.

It was about 11 p. m., when I retired and soon was wrapped in the peaceful arms of slumber, but was suddenly awakened to a full realization that there were too many in the same bed. With one bound a lamp was seized and lighted, which revealed scores of those fellows that hate the light, because their deeds are evil. After doing my duty freely, I suspicioned that perhaps there was still a reserve force, so kept the light burning and lay uncovered, but no sooner had I again fallen into sweet repose than a flank move-

ment was made on the side where light did not shine.

This was too much to endure, and though it was 1 o'clock, I arose and, after dressing went down-stairs and longed for day. Even the lounge whereon I sat seemed to be infected. Presently my thought began to run thus: "I would rather walk out here for Jesus than ride a Sunday street car. Yes, and preach the gospel thrice without a cent or a 'Thank you!' More than this, be left to stand around in an embarrassing mood wondering where I shall sleep; all of this is in the contract, but it is hardly fair, when one has done this for Jesus' sake to suffer a night attack like this; especially when he at the best has none too much blood to spare."

At last, after weary hours, daylight began to dawn and I made preparations for a speedy exit. Of course I must thank the dear old people for their hospitality. So, after *a short prayer*, I was about to shake hands, when the old sister (who was near-sighted and doubtless this accounted for some things), suddenly paused and said, "Wait, Brother S—!" She started up stairs and after returning put into my hand a "widow's mite," saying, "I feel God would have me give you this." I did not look at it then, but thanked her and

thought to myself, "Well, the dear old soul doubtless has laid away some small amount that has been given her and now she has fallen back upon that as the only thing she can give." After I had started down the street toward the car line I felt curious to know how much she had given, and behold, it was a five dollar bill! I paused looked back and said, "I feel ashamed of that short prayer and have a mind to go back and pray it over."

That was a life long lesson in trusting God to furnish expenses from the most unexpected sources. The church people did not do their duty, so God had to move that dear old saint to help grease car wheels. But that was not all of it—she carried off the blessing that they might have had.

I remember another incident that occurred at a camp meeting in Ohio. I had been engaged to assist for ten days, sometimes preaching three times a day. Good and frequent collections were taken and when I left, the treasurer handed me ten dollars—hardly enough to pay for my ticket. I said to myself. "Bless God, I am not after money, yet a preacher can not live on wind." I went off feeling sweet and rejoicing over one more occasion to prove a miracle-working God. At the

very next camp meeting the sum of seventy-five dollars was put into my hand, though I was there but three days. I would rather trust God to see me through, than do as many evangelists, fix a price, or worse—make a fuss because I do not get about so much.

When God sees that a person or a community is limited in means, He excuses them (and the evangelist likewise ought to) and leads others who are more able, to pay the bills. But when any one deliberately fails to do what God sees he could, then He transfers the blessing and reward to where it properly belongs. “There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty.” Prov. 11:24.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SELF-FORGETFULNESS PAYS.

St. Louis Camp Meeting—Preaching Old Sermons—The Secret of Getting Money.

Look not every man on his own things but every man also on the things of others. Phil. 2:4.

I was invited to a camp meeting at St. Louis, Mo., but was late in getting there, owing to the great flood in East St. Louis. When I arrived the meeting was in progress and rather than look on with an assumed air of generalship, as evangelists sometimes do, I felt led to kneel down and pray the prayer of faith for the meeting. We were soon baptized into one spirit and instead of standing aloof and waiting for a formal introduction, we began shaking hands and embracing each other in the Lord.

At this meeting "Doctor B." and a "round-the-world evangelist," and the writer were the principal speakers. The world-wide evangelist, though considered very radical, split his hair in the middle and wore the latest style of tie, cuffs and everything else in accordance. In these and other respects his appearance was of such a worldly type of character that I saw at a glance

we could not work together in perfect accord unless God melted us together, so the first thing I did was to get a special anointing of love for him. I put my arms around him in the first service and from that time, though I preached against all signs of departure from plainness and simplicity, he dared not explain away the truth as preachers often do. He could not gainsay the melting. I found that, under the anointing, I could say almost anything without there being a reaction, as was the case when I spoke in my own strength.

Another thing I have learned by experience, is that in order to be effectual for God in each new place, it will not do to resort to the same methods and sermons that proved successful in a previous meeting. It is natural to do this, but in so doing we place a premium upon means and methods for success, instead of depending wholly upon the Supernatural. It is so easy to become self-sufficient, relying on past unction and old "outlines," instead of feeling the need of going down afresh in fasting and prevailing prayer for *new* displays of divine power.

Some evangelists and preachers keep a list of sermon outlines with dates showing when and where used, lest they deliver the same discourse the second time in the same place. We think a

much better way than this, is to continually live in the Supernatural. Then old texts can be used and each time the preacher will say things he never thought of before. It is a query how men can be content to preach time after time from the same text, with no new revelations nor thunder-claps of God's awful power. No wonder they soon become seedy and are out of demand. Self-sufficiency and being content with present attainments have withered more than one preacher.

I found in this meeting that not every holiness preacher who could say good things from the pulpit could with equal grace be content with a small collection. The last morning of the meeting the treasurer of the camp informed us that, owing to the flood, many had been kept away, and they had succeeded in collecting only thirty dollars for the preachers. He suggested that it be divided equally among the three. This did not take well at all with the other two, though it was more than sufficient to cover their expenses. My traveling expenses amounted to nearly thirty dollars, but I felt led to tell the treasurer to wait on the other brethren first and I would take what was left. The brethren left Monday morning as early as they could get off, and as my train did not leave before noon, I preferred to remain on the camp

ground and pray. All the campers had been drained for money and I did not see where my fare was coming from, but nevertheless felt easy.

After having a good time praying through I left my tent and walked across the camp ground, when I met a stylish looking lady who had come to the altar the first day I preached. She wanted to get a couple of my little books, the price of which amounted to but fifteen cents. She asked me if I could change a ten-dollar bill and of course being unable to do so, I said, "Just keep the books and get all the good out of them you can." But no, she must pay for them, and after trying in vain to get others to change her bill, she came and said, "I think God wants me to give you this bill. I have five cents left which will pay my fare home and that is all I need." Later on I met the treasurer, who said that the same woman had given him twenty dollars for the man who preached her under conviction. This, with his ten, made a total of forty dollars, and best of all we had not grumbled or hurt our influence in getting it. Oh, that men would so die out to covetousness and love of leadership as to hold still long enough to let God reveal His miracle-working power in their behalf!

Another incident along this line: A prom-

inent evangelist and the writer were in a large camp meeting near Oil City, Pa. He received fifty dollars for services rendered. The treasurer afterwards came to me and said, "What shall we give you for your help?"

I replied, "God will not let me put any price on my labors."

"Well, others do it and it is all right for you."

"I do not care what others do; I have made a covenant with God to accept as from Him whatever is given and be content therewith."

"Will you be satisfied with fifteen dollars?"

"Yes, or fifteen cents. I have never been left yet; and should such a thing ever occur, it would be one instance in which God Almighty failed."

Another evangelist who was standing by and heard the conversation said, "You could have had a great deal more if you had but asked for it."

"Yes, but that accursed thing has ruined more than one and I am determined it shall not get the start of me." The result was, the fifty-dollar man was dropped while the fifteen-dollar man was invited back for the second and third years, each time receiving more than he expected. The avarice and grasping spirit of men hurt them more than all the opposition that can come for hurling the truth at the people.

CHAPTER XIX.

DISCRETION TOWARD WOMEN.

**Experiences With Women—Long Hand-shakes—Avoiding
"Sticky" People—Dealing With Inordinate Affection.**

Abstain from all appearance of evil. Gal. 5:22.

It is not always wise to pray with those of the opposite sex when they desire it.

Why such a statement? Would it not be wicked to refuse? That depends. There is a difference between praying *with* and praying *for* an individual. He who gives himself up to soul-saving must study, not only to show himself "approved unto God," but, likewise, must study the peculiarities of human nature. It is the disposition of some souls to cover and evade facts; they prefer to do their seeking alone, and thus profess as quickly and easily as possible. Such cases generally have a hard siege of it and sometimes, in order to more thoroughly crucify their pride, the Spirit will lead them to seek in public, or at least with a confidential friend.

But we have in mind another class, whose disposition is to lean upon others for help rather than upon God. Such a soul thinks "If I could only go

to a certain place, or had a certain saint to pray with me, I believe I would get a great victory." This is simply a subtle form of unbelief that depends upon the human more than upon the divine. This class would receive more lasting help, as a rule, in fighting the battle out alone with God. If they only knew it, they would develop more strength of character by taking time and learning the lesson first handed, than by seeking comfort even from the holiest man. Saintly as he may be, he cannot impart lasting consolation only as he gets it from heaven, and every other soul has the same privilege of hearing from the skies, as he. It remains then for the soul-winner to always sense the situation and at one time *seek* an opportunity to talk or pray with a struggling soul, then at another time, throw him off on God as one would a boy into the water; not to frighten, but as a last resort, to teach him to swim, which knowledge may in after years be the means of saving his life.

This thought is more applicable to those of the opposite sex. More than one holy man has made shipwreck because of undue intimacy with women. The writer has had some experience in associating with women of strong, winsome personality, but thanks be to God's grace, that

thus far He has kept him clear and clean in word, thought and deed.

I well remember the time I incurred the displeasure and public censure of a lady evangelist, because my hand was not permitted to be held at the close of a conversation and hand-shake. Though preaching holiness, she admitted that there was one thing about her experience that she could not fully reconcile, a longing to love and be loved and a mania to read and write love-letters.

At another camp meeting the writer conducted a service, after which a young lady evangelist arose and said she was convinced under the searching light, that she did not have the experience of entire holiness. Then she came to the altar alone and requested that "Brother S——" come forward and pray for her. The other preachers looked on to see what I would do. I saw at a glance that to go forward and pray, would simply make myself prominent, and have a tendency to arouse jealousy on the part of other preachers. Moreover, I saw that the seeker felt too important and was not sufficiently sick to die, so I quietly knelt down out of sight behind the seat where I was sitting. Presently her husband came and said, "Did you not hear my wife say she desired you to come and pray for her?"

I replied, "Yes, but to avoid being conspicuous, I think it better to remain here in silent prayer." The result was good, for it helped to crucify self in the seeker, set well upon the preachers, and caused my own heart to feel sweet and humble, without a reaction.

At still another camp meeting a young woman thought no one could help her except the writer. Every time she came to the altar she knelt right in front of where he stood. Of course he always walked away and prayed with some one else. She finally got mad, then went to seeking God in earnest. We fear that many times preachers allow souls to get converted to them instead of the Lord. When those of the opposite sex are continually sticking to you, as a rule, it is because there is a sticky principle within you that loves and allows it.

I will relate another incident that was a life-long lesson to me and I trust may be to the reader also. A gifted sister of a strong personality came to our home. Her gifts and knowledge of things soon brought her into high esteem and frequent counsels as to the best methods for enlarging the work. But it soon became apparent that she was being pushed forward faster than was good for her experience. A sudden reverse

revealed an ugly disposition. Then came a temporary seeking and strained humility that dared not be investigated too closely lest it explode. Finally the Spirit would have me speak kindly but firmly thus: "Sister—, there is something about you that I consider treacherous and deadly in its character. At one time it is as though it would rise up, antagonize and overpower me were it not firmly withstood. At another time it assumes such a pliable and teachable attitude as to compel admiration. In short, sometimes when duty compels me to step to your room for a moment (she was my stenographer), I feel like screaming out, 'Snakes in this room knee deep!'" At this she boiled over and poured out all kinds of epithets upon me, but the Spirit permitted it all, to uncover the unclean thing and bring about a thorough cure. Heartrending confessions were prayed out, of how more than one good man had been brought under her power and in spirit made either to suffer or submit. The result of this faithful dealing was, she prayed through to a rich experience and afterwards thanked God many times that she had been permitted to associate with those who dared to withstand her. She afterwards wrote an article so timely we give it a place here.

CHAPTER XX.

SPIRITUAL AFFINITY.

Inordinate Affection—Cause and Cure.

1 Mortify therefore your members which are upon the earth; fornication, uncleanness, inordinate affection, evil concupiscence and covetousness, which is idolatry. Col. 3:5.

This dangerous and soul-destroying delusion is not unknown in some high religious circles. Such alliances never exist between those of the same sex. It seems quite innocent, even commendable in the first stages, and is a pleasant contrast to the icy coldness which prevails in many churches.

There are various forms taken by these affinities, and they are covered by many different garbs, but when exposed in their true colors, they will be found unclean and smelling of brimstone and the bottomless pit.

Religious unity and congeniality may become their channel of admission. We knew an instance of this kind. A lady was thrown much into the company of a noted and successful preacher. He was genial and attractive, but of high moral char-

acter and correct deportment. He was a married man. No danger was thought of. There was unusual harmony of thought and opinion between them and a subtle *something* underneath the surface that drew them together. She became restless and unhappy if she did not hear from him frequently, no matter where he was. Business required correspondence, so the unhallowed feeling grew on her part. He was drawn in more or less, but she was the sufferer. There was not a thought of impurity; yet she awoke to the fact that her affections were placed upon a married man, that he stood where God should stand in her heart, and that she worshiped the creature more than the Creator. When the light of God shone on her heart she saw the whole thing was black as hell and unclean as the vilest. Yet awful as it was in its slimy depths, they had never indulged even in the familiarities so common among some religious workers. Neither of the victims had any wrong intention; both abhorred everything unclean, but Satan drew them into his net unawares.

Others are not so discreet as these were, and many who have uncongenial companions play with fire by cherishing an affinity for some one who fills the place to them that their companion

should occupy. They may be moral in outward conduct, and seek only for human sympathy and tenderness from the favored friend; but too frequently they find to their cost that the current of unhallowed desire has overflowed the banks of propriety.

Unwise confidences to one not the husband or wife, may be the door through which this deadly thing approaches. Never mention the faults, real, or supposed, of your husband or wife to another, especially to one of the opposite sex. It inspires human sympathy and that produces something worse.

Again, it frequently starts out with the natural gratitude and love the young convert feels toward the one who has helped his or her soul. This perhaps more frequently occurs when the convert is an attractive young girl, and the evangelist or pastor who was the means of her conversion is regarded with an affection and veneration which may easily run into something else. Many a pure young life has been cursed by this awful blight, and all of the freshness has gone out of it forever.

In such cases there is great need of wisdom. The young convert should not be chilled by coldness; but if the object of such affection is a wise,

as well as a clean man, he can take such a course as will check the first symptoms of danger without unduly wounding the other party.

Another form may be found among mission and slum workers, laborers in rescue homes, and the like. An attractive young wife with an uncongenial husband, finds an outlet for unsatisfied longings in charitable or church work. She meets a man who gives her the sympathy her soul craves. She tells him of her husband's coldness and opposition to her "work for the Lord." He responds with pity, and censure of the absent husband. The snare is prepared and they walk into it. He can not think of much else but his helper in the work; she has no rest out of his company. Notes are passed ostensibly on business. They frequently meet alone, and pray together for the success of the work they are engaged in. The feeling increases until it becomes such a drawing together as must result (unless God interposes) in shame and disgrace. This is the natural ending of such unholy associations, although they sometimes go on for a while without the victim falling into what the world calls *sin*.

Another form of this unclean alliance is seen when a young man is held in bondage by a woman

older than himself and sometimes married, who has acquired an undue influence over him. The man in such cases seems to suffer the more. He becomes demoralized, loses will power, and, if a minister of the gospel, is likely to be lost to his work and ruined forever. The secret force of controlling power with such a woman is very great, subjugating conscience and ruling all decisions. At this stage it runs into devil-possession. One of the parties can often by this fatal power call the other to his side from any practical distance at any time. The victim is *obliged to go*. Sometimes when a high religious profession is maintained, they cloak this desire for the presence of the other under *prayer* and say they "pray" the other to them when they want them.

There is a hidden depth in every unsanctified soul, where flows the corrupt current which generates these affinities. Constant watchfulness is the only safeguard, the death of the "old man" the only cure. Beware of the *beginnings*. Never overstep the limits of modest reserve of manner. There need not be coldness, but avoid those long hand-shakes, those confidential talks, that forward manner and look. We have shuddered to see a minister of the gospel hold the hand of an attractive woman (and it seldom happened with

one *not* attractive) looking into her eyes, and manifesting a lover-like familiarity. Then the exaggerated flattery to evangelists and Christian workers is a fruitful entrance for unholy desire.

The Word of God calls this unhallowed drawing toward another, *inordinate affection*. See Cor. 3:5, where it is classed with the vilest sins; the one who harbors it is guilty in the eyes of God, even if no acts of uncleanness are committed. Any affection for an unlawful object, that makes the subject restless and unhappy in the absence of the other, is the first stage of affinity, or inordinate affection.

All such emotions and feelings spring from carnality and are incompatible with a holiness experience. If indulged and willingly yielded to, condemnation results. Hearty repentance, and turning from the one who inspires the feeling, resolutely "cutting off the right hand," is the only hope when infected by this deadly thing. Deep confession to God, and genuine crucifixion of the carnal mind will complete the cure.

CHAPTER XXI.

HONORING GOD IN LITTLE THINGS.

Convictions Against Sunday Travel—Camp-Meeting in Oregon—God Honors Those That Honor Him—Disappointments, "His Appointment."—What It Cost Me to Break the Sabbath.

Take us the foxes, the little foxes that spoil the vines: for our vines have tender grapes. Songs of Sol. 2:15.

He who becomes slack in little things will soon question the importance of greater things.

They are not always great things, but sometimes apparently small ones, in which God tests the fidelity and character of men. The little things do not *make* character so much as they reveal it. Straws show better than telegraph poles, which way the wind blows. Lot thought it a small thing to take advantage of Abraham's generosity and pitch his tent "toward Sodom." King Saul thought it a light thing to assume the office of priest and offer sacrifice before going into battle. One of these lost everything but his soul, and the other, it is feared, lost even that.

There are apparently little things in our day around which revolve great principles. Sabbath

desecration is one. Notwithstanding the fact that many holiness people ride on street cars and some on steam cars on Sunday, the writer has never felt clear so to do. When a minister sets, or encourages a wrong precedent, it lends more force to that particular departure than when a non-professor or a layman does the same thing. More than this, if such a minister be looked upon as a very spiritual man his example is doubly harmful. We can not be too exemplary on lines of conversation, improving the time, plainness of attire and remembering the Sabbath day to "*keep it holy.*" He who holds conscientious scruples along these lines loses nothing, and possibly may gain a great deal. It is always safe to be on the safe side.

I was in a camp meeting in Oregon which was to close on Sunday night. The following Sabbath I was to be in a similar meeting in Ohio, but in order to do so I must leave on the Sunday night train, thus necessitating at least an hour's ride before midnight. It was either do this or wait twelve hours for the next through train which would necessitate Sunday travel at the other end of the line. Well, what should be done? Go to the woods, of course, and hear from God. After so doing I felt clear to wait the twelve hours and

trust God to land me somewhere the next Saturday night. The result was that I was much helped of God in preaching Sunday night, after which, with others, a young overgrown boy came and prostrated himself at the altar, and after a long struggle found peace with God. Later on he wrote me that he was still saved and felt called to preach. Did it pay to stay and miss the Sunday night train?

Another incident. We were booked for a camp meeting in West Virginia. Accordingly, we left Atlanta in time to reach our destination before Sunday. But on arriving in Cincinnati two hours late we found we had missed the east-bound train. This made it impossible to reach camp until early Sunday morning. It would have been easy to reason that we were not responsible for the delay, hence must reach our destination where we could do some good even if we *had* to travel into the first hours of the Sabbath. But what about the Word that says, "Shall we do evil that good may come?" Sometimes God deals with men today as he did with Hezekiah, "left him, to try him that he might know all that was in his heart." II Chron. 32:31. After getting still before God in spirit, the thought presently came that my brother-in-law lived at Zanesville,

Ohio, which was right on my way, and he had previously written, urging me to stop off some time and preach for them. I looked at the schedule and found I would get there at 10 P. M. "All right," said I, "I will do that very thing." When I arrived, there was a camp meeting in progress of which I had not known, and then I could clearly see that if we always eyed the glory of God, we would be able to spell "Disappointment" with an H—and make it read "His-appointment."

After preaching twice on Sabbath the committee gave me a "lift on the way," and again I renewed my journey, praising God for delays and other things that, without grace, would worry and annoy.

WHAT IT COST TO BREAK THE SABBATH.

We have had the privilege of preaching the Gospel in New York, Philadelphia, Buffalo, Cleveland, Chicago, St. Louis, and most of the large cities on the coast, besides smaller ones here and there, but have never been compelled (though others may have thought so) to use the Sunday street car. Strange then, that we should let the "jinrikisha" be the first and only offense.

We were now at Port Said, Egypt, having stopped off at other ports along the way, but in each

instance were saved the unpleasantness of embarking or disembarking on the Lord's Day.

After embarking for India we found that all the North German Lloyd steamers (over which line we had booked to Yokohoma), were due to arrive in Colombo on the second and fourth Sundays of each month. Notwithstanding this, while going down the Red Sea we remembered the God of miracles and prayed Him to either speed or delay us in landing. To the surprise of the sailors they were enabled to cast anchor at 3 p. m. Saturday, for which we rejoiced.

After spending six weeks in India, we returned to Colombo to resume our journey to the Orient. We were in hopes that our incoming steamer would be ahead or behind time as before, but to our dismay she landed Sunday at noon. Instead of remaining in port eighteen or twenty-four hours as usual, she posted notice to set sail Sunday night at 12 o'clock. What shall we do? Why embark of course! That is what most holiness professors and preachers would do. Yes, and that was what we did, though it was not God's best plan, hence we paid dearly for it.

It is so easy in times of sudden distress or emergency to lean to one's own understanding and reason away conviction and God's plain

Word. We think it a light thing to do this if it will only suit our own convenience. So we reasoned that it would cost too much to wait two weeks for the next steamer when perhaps the same thing might occur again. Then what about disappointing the missionaries who were to meet us at Shanghai and conduct us up into the interior where we were to have a convention? That would never do. But the still small whisper of the Spirit came with equal force, "Shall we do evil that good may come?" Some of the missionaries present tried to make it look right and necessary to go, but the Spirit said, "Thou shalt not follow a multitude to do evil."

Every time we resorted to the Word for direction we opened to something like this: "Take heed to yourselves and bear no burden on the Sabbath Day; neither carry forth a burden [our baggage] out of your houses on the Sabbath Day." These with many other passages and checks of the Spirit seemed to go against all reason and indicate that we should remain for two weeks on that beautiful island of Ceylon, where the "spicy breezes blow." We needed the rest and had we remained, no doubt God would have enabled us to help some of those hungry but worldly missionaries.

The time was now passing and we must decide one way or the other. Oh, that souls could always remember that a hurry spirit is not of God. But here we weakened, then failed. "You must not be so over-conscientious," said the missionaries. "We are not under the law but under grace." "What harm," say they, "could there be in taking a street car, or a jinriksha to the jetty, where the company's launch would convey us to the steamer; especially since our boat would not sail until after midnight." So we yielded to the pressure and compromised by waiting until nearly midnight and then secured our conveyances, but with a cast down air. Oh, what a ride that was!

We took the steamer, but had a hard 15-day voyage, arrived in Shanghai late and during a cold snap. The result was, that some of the missionaries were sick and it was so cold that the thought of getting together in a convention was impracticable. We spent but two weeks in the interior, had an attack of pneumonia and returned to Shanghai just in time to miss our boat for Japan. This boat was ahead of time and was the one we should have waited for in Colombo. Now the only thing left to do was either to pay board in cold, dirty Shanghai for two weeks or forfeit our

passage to Japan on the North German Lloyd, and pay transportation again on another line. We preferred to do the latter, and paid out \$28.00 passage money—the same, exactly, that it would have cost for board for two weeks on that beautiful island of Ceylon.

We gained nothing by getting agitated and in a hurry. We set or followed a bad example, missed a golden opportunity for doing and receiving much good, while my wife suffered much during the rough voyage and I almost lost my life in China. Two weeks later the weather was fine for sailing and traveling up into the interior.

What did we learn by all this? We learned anew that God does not so much want the Gospel preached, that He is willing to indorse Sabbath breaking. Of course this position may cause us loss, yea, distress. But of what value is our religion if it does not stand some sacrifice? It is always safe to be on the safe side. "Them that honor me I will honor."

CHAPTER XXII.

GOD'S VETO.

**God Vetoes Trip to the Coast—Gives Something Better—
Trip to Colorado—Swamps of Arkansas—Too Many
in One Bed—Preaching at Depot.**

The steps (and stops) of a good man are ordered by the Lord, and He delighteth in his way. Ps. 37:23.

Sometimes God permits unpleasant circumstances to come our way in order to wean us more fully from creature comfort and self-sufficiency.

It is a much better test of a subdued spirit to be able *not* to ask any questions when denied a request, than to *shout* over a supposed answer to prayer. The fact is, many times, unless souls are deeply saved from self-interest, they unconsciously tip and lean their prayers the way they want things to come out. They are more or less agitated and concerned as to the outcome. They can not say with Madame Guyon:—

“To me remains no place nor time,
My country is in every clime;
I can be calm and free from care,
On any shore since God is there.”

The writer had a little experience in this respect. He was billed to assist in three meetings in Oregon, two of which were camps. Time came

for leaving, and two tickets were purchased, one being for the true help-meet. Baggage was roped and lunch prepared. Two hours before time to leave, while in prayer, the Lord spoke and said, "Do not go." It was as unexpected as a thunder-clap out of a clear sky.

Preachers, more than any other class of men, become capable of reasoning away the dictates and leadings of the Spirit. Doubtless the reason is that they become so accustomed to spiritual things that their minds finally take that form; they become more or less confident of their ability to determine the best course hence human reasonings are relied upon and substituted for the divine.

In this case human reason said, "Go!" You are advertised and expected, great good can be done, your health will be improved, and all expenses provided; besides, it will look vacillating on your part not to do so; tourist sleeping-car arrangements have been made, and a number of friends have already bid good-bye." Notwithstanding all these plausible arguments, my spirit became restless the moment we again considered going. There were but a few moments left in which to finally decide. It was a new experience, indeed. When reputation and every pleasing

thing were set aside the Spirit brought rest again, with the assurance that whether we could always understand God's dealings in advance or not, it was safe to obey Him.

It was a little like Abraham's experience when God told him to offer up Isaac, his only son. God let him go on and build the altar, and lay the wood in order, then bind Isaac and lay him on the altar upon the wood. But when he stretched forth his hand and took the knife to slay his son, "The angel of the Lord called unto him out of heaven and said, Abraham, Abraham: and he said, Here am I."

A hurry spirit is always unsafe and dangerous. "He that believeth shall not make haste."

Shortly after this unexpected experience, we saw many things to reassure us that the kind interposition was of God.

Surely the Scripture is true wherein we are told that "The steps of a good man are ordered of the Lord, and He delighteth in his way." Sometimes it might be more appropriate to read it thus: "The STOPS of a good man are ordered of the Lord." Yes, and it may take more grace sometimes to *stay* than to go.

"While place we seek or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with my God to guide my way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay."

After God so kindly vetoed this trip, we felt slow to say we were going anywhere. But the invitations kept coming, and accordingly, we started for Denver, Colorado, where we were to conduct a meeting before assisting in two camp meetings in the same state.

We had gone as far as Memphis, Tennessee, when two young brethren who were going with the writer, got off to have their tickets changed, and, because of the crowd, were left. The train was pulling out so hurriedly that I could not get off with five grips, hence had to stay on until the first stop, which was nearly forty miles in the swamps of Arkansas. Here at "Marked Tree," I put up for the night awaiting their next train. After retiring it was not long before I found that the bed was already occupied, and upon lighting a match, readily saw that there were too many for me. But I was tired and decided to make the best of it, so kept the light burning in hope of keeping off the "Philistines." This, however was fruitless, as they finally made a flank movement where the light did not shine. The mosquitoes likewise took their share of the prey. The frogs on the outside kept the music going until the long-looked-for break of day, when to convince me more fully that I was in a tough place, I looked

out of the window to see a man get rid of his breakfast, and, later on, the grunt of a hog revealed the fact that he was true to his scavenger nature in eating up indigestible things. By this time the preacher bounded out of bed with the remark, "Well, this is one more page in history."

But this was one of the "all things" and we must make the best of it, so we hastened to the depot to find a motley crowd of sawmill men, all shades and colors, waiting to see our train pass through, which was late, owing to a train-load of soldiers that stopped to take water; whereupon we seized the opportunity and began singing and preaching to the large crowd. Many were like heathen, having never heard of such a thing. Then followed the distribution of tracts which helped to banish the memory of the preceding night, and as we boarded the train to again meet our lost brethren, we felt that perhaps God wanted those soldier boys and others to hear a message, and get those tracts before going into eternity. "Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters," even if there is a green scum of poisonous malaria covering them, as was the case at "Marked Tree." It means much to be "instant in season and out of season,"—pulpit, and out of it.

CHAPTER XXIII.

OMNIPOTENT FAITH.

A Sixteen-mile Drive—Catching the Train—Just Misses a Month's Quarantine.

All things are possible to him that believeth. Mark 9:23.

If we only knew it, we are well-nigh Omnipotent. Perhaps there never lived a man who fully proved all the possibilities of faith and prayer. Why, then, are we so dependent upon wicked men and Sabbath-breaking corporations? Since Christ authorizes us to command things apparently as immovable as trees and mountains, surely in this day we ought to walk upon the "high places of the earth."

For one, the writer is heartily ashamed of the few exploits of faith in controlling men and things, yet in a limited sense we have been enabled to demand boats, railroad trains, etc., to wait, or hurry up, as the case might be. I will here speak of one instance.

We had closed a good camp meeting, down in Mississippi, where the redbugs are thick, weather hot and fleas dance all night to the fiddling of

the mosquitoes. But people are hospitable and common enough to preach to in shirt sleeves.

Here we had an interesting drive of sixteen miles to Hazelhurst, where we were to take the train. The conveyance came so late that we were told we would never make it, but we ventured, any way. The heat was intense, the roads were dusty, and three of us, besides a trunk and three valises, crowded into a two-horse surry. The horses perspired freely while we kept praying that the Lord would undertake for them and us. At last we turned the corner, some twenty rods from the depot, just in time to see the train pull in. For the time being, our hearts sank within us, and the driver said, "We can not make it," but the thought of waiting nearly twelve hours for the next train made me desperate to the very last. Just then the whip broke in two, and the horses became frightened at the engine and the driver gave up, but I still insisted on making one more attempt, and with it reached the depot, grabbed the trunk, carried it across the street, threw it into the baggage-car unchecked, then ran and bought a ticket. Now I had to run back to the buggy to get two valises, and by this time the train was moving off, but I made the successful leap, leaving the other poor preacher to

wait twelve hours for the next train. All in the world he had to look after was a small valise, but he was so spellbound, watching the "Yankee," that he missed the train.

I never heard how he came out, for the next day after passing through Jackson, Mississippi (where I had to change), the quarantine went into effect, because of yellow fever, and had I missed my train I doubtless would have been held there for a month. Sometimes it pays to "get a move on you."

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE SORROWS OF LIFE.

A Remarkable Woman—The Unexpected—Another Remarkable Woman—The Departure of Sweet Little Juliette.

The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord. Job 1:21.

To the observing, it is noticeable that when a family is exempt from sickness and sorrow for years, then there often comes a sudden crash, and various calamities all pour in about the same time. If we had our choice, doubtless we would prefer having our troubles distributed evenly along the pathway of life, rather than have them come like an avalanche. But, "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"

As already stated, after ten years of beautiful wedlock, my noble helpmeet was taken from me as with a stroke. This was the most unlooked for occurrence of my life, and was like a bolt of lightning from a clear sky.

I will here quote from her life, "A Remarkable Woman," written by her sister, Mrs. Bertha B. Smith:

"She looked forward to added responsibility in the near future with pleasure. The privileges of motherhood had not been hers, because of physical weakness. But with increased health came the prospect, and her heart beat with joyful anticipation.

"During this period she clung to her husband with the tenderest affection. Next to God he was 'the light of her eyes.' When he would come down from the office, after an hour or two of work, her face would light up like a pleased child. When business called him away again, her eyes would follow him with a wistful expression. While her love for him was always supreme, and their relations most tender and affectionate—a perpetual 'honeymoon,' yet hers was not a clinging nature. She evidently felt an intuition that separation was to take place, though perhaps not defined even to herself.

"There came a day of suffering, followed by a night of agony for her, and fearful suspense to husband, sister, and other loving friends. The morning found three doctors with their instruments, a little waxen form prepared for burial, and the mother lying very low and unconscious.

"She rallied and her symptoms were quite favorable for nearly two days. There came a

change for the worse in the night, and for thirty-six hours she lay moaning and unconscious. Even then we did not despair. We have often heard her say that she was immortal till her work was done. As the whole household were up praying for her the last night, that comforting thought was brought forcibly to the writer. The Lord had brought her back from the jaws of death several times, and He could and would do so again, if her work was not yet done. We did not give up hope until she was gone. Though unconscious of the presence of friends and loved ones weeping around her, she caught a glimpse of 'the things prepared for them that love Him,' and her eyes lit up with glad surprise and heavenly glory, then her pure spirit took its flight at about 5:30 a. m. on the 28th of March, 1902.

"The shock of her death was like a thunder-clap from a clear sky. It was especially so with her husband who was completely crushed and almost in despair. We had not once anticipated her leaving us."

The fondest recollections I have of her are not so much the caresses and loving words which were showered upon me, but the strength of character and greatness of soul that she exhibited under all circumstances. She was a woman of

poise and saintly dignity. She was endowed with a quiet, unassuming power to mold character that left its imprint upon all with whom she lived or labored. Her refined sensibilities, godly counsels, and sometimes reproofs were worth ten thousand times more to me than silver or earthly honor.'

There was nothing soft or sentimental about her. She had no use for affectation in herself or others. She was surprised that anyone could act deceitfully. She frequently remarked that she was an "old-fashioned person." But this did not keep her from being pleasing in her ways. One moment she was capable of becoming the most child-like and gleeful, so as to make every one, children and all, delight to associate with her. The next moment if duty demanded it, whether in the pulpit or home life, her very presence made every one feel that she was in command and her wishes must be respected. In a judicial sense, she was a dignified woman. In another sense she was a pure, innocent little girl.

Another characteristic was her strong intuitiveness and discernment of spirit. We were generally safe in relying upon her judgment pertaining to weighty matters, and she did not abuse this power; many times while others were asleep,

she was wrestling with God concerning the work, or for some one who was nearing a crisis.

She was the happy combination of mirth without lightness; firmness without severity; economy without closeness; good rule without an exacting spirit, and bearing responsibility without anxiety. In short, she was a well saved, symmetrical character—a balance-wheel to me and many others.

For sometime after her departure I could not control my sorrow or suppress my feelings. Only those who have had a similar experience know anything about the lonely evenings, long nights and dreary days that followed. I could not bear the sight or sound of former things and longed to follow her, or so bury myself in hard work as to forget the past. I consecrated to go the rest of the journey of life alone and never think of companionship again, for who could ever fill the vacancy?

But this was not God's best plan. In the course of time, He unexpectedly revealed to me that my sainted companion had been my "molder" and had gone as far as she could in molding my life, and that now I needed a "mellow"—one whose tenderness and sympathetic nature would have an equally wholesome effect upon my

natural severity. Many criticised and drew comparisons between the two, saying the latter was not to be compared to the former. But now after another ten years of beautiful wedlock, I and many others agree that God and His Providences made no mistake.

It is worth more than millions to have had such environments and surroundings. Surely I cannot be anything but a good man, a holy man. God help me! I must not be anything else.

And if, in after years it develops that this unprofitable servant has attained to anything at all worthy of mention, I will owe it first to the grace of God; second, to the two godly companions He gave me, and thirdly to the poverty and persecution that have been mine to suffer. Thanks be to God forever and ever.

A SECOND SORROW.

After another ten years of beautiful wedlock a second sorrow came into our home. This time it was the sudden departure of our third child, sweet little Juliette. She was nearly two years old and from the first was strangely sweet and dignified in her ways. We called her our "little saint," and I frequently remarked, "This child is too heavenly to stay with us long."

And it was so, for when that dread disease, membranous croup attacked our darling, we prayed and did all within our power but to no avail. After laying the little blossom away we were both very sad and tried to comfort our hearts with the following thoughts: "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." When the Lord loans us anything, He has a perfect right at any time to recall the loan, and when He does, it is doubtless because He desires a higher rate of interest—more glory.

It is not for us to chide ourselves or anyone else and say, "Why did we not think to do this or that; it might have averted this sorrow." But did we not act, at the time, up to all the light we had? If so, it was God's business to either bless our efforts or overrule them and show us some better way. Moreover, had He designed otherwise, He could have answered prayer at the last moment, as He has done in thousands of other cases. It is enough then to know that nothing *happens* with God, and all our efforts are futile, only as He blesses them. "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain who build it."

God forbid that in a fit of despair I should say with Jacob, "All these things are against me."

Rather let me say with Paul, "All things work together for good." God is in His Providences, as well as in His grace, and if so, He has wisely planned or permitted this affliction for our good and His glory. Thomas Upham says, "That which God *permits*, is as essential, in the fulfillment of His wise and glorious administration, as that which He *does*."

Jeremiah said, "The Lord doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men." David said, "Before I was afflicted I went astray," and again, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted, that I might learn Thy statutes." Anything therefore, is "good" that enlarges the vision, mellows the spirit, broadens our sympathies and weans us from earthly things. Millions of saints have been comforted by reading of the patience of Job, the Psalms of David and the Lamentations of Jeremiah. But we never would have had these, had it not been for afflictions, privations and persecutions endured by these worthies. "Shall we receive good at the hand of God and shall we not receive evil?"

This is a world of hate, hunger and heart-breaking sorrow of various kinds. Surely suffering humanity needs some source of comfort. But how can we comfort others unless we our-

selves have tasted their griefs? We are told not only to "rejoice with them that rejoice," but also to "weep with them that weep." Perhaps God sees that the only way we can from the heart carry out this injunction, is to give us a like experience with thousands of others.

One writer has said, "It is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all." A rebellious heart would naturally ask, "Why does God give us these little treasures, if He does not intend for us to keep them?" But faith answers, "We are better off for having possessed and lost them (nay, sent them on ahead) than had they never been ours." When we get to heaven, perhaps we will see that God permitted millions of these little cherubs to be born just to help beautify that Place of Bliss. And since that is to be our eternal abode, why not rejoice even through our tears that the Lord sees fit to pluck the choicest of our flowers for such decoration.

CHAPTER XXV.

OLD-TIME PERSECUTIONS.

Arrested Three Times in Lakeland, Fla., for Preaching on the Street—The Lousy Old Jail—The Inner Cell—The False Trial—The Final Deliverance.

No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper; and every tongue that shall rise against thee in judgment thou shalt condemn. This is the heritage of the servants of the Lord. Isa. 54:17.

The beautiful city of Lakeland, Fla., well deserves the significant name, for it is surrounded by nine little bodies of sparkling water on the banks of which are luxuriant orange groves, whose golden fruit forms a pleasing contrast with the long rows of olive green foliage extending down to the water's edge.

In the midst of this little city are to be found some of the nicest of people and some of the best schools of the South. No saloons mar the beauty of its streets or the peace of its homes, for Lakeland is a cultured town, and, in many respects, a moral one.

It was at this place that we opened up meetings in the old opera house in the year 1911, hold-

ing services in the hall and sometimes on the street. People were kind to us and seemed to appreciate our labors, and when in the spring, we started north, we were met at the depot by a number of our friends, and laden with luscious Florida fruit.

In the fall, we returned, commencing operations in a large tent. We had a five-roomed family tent, besides a small one for a cook room; so lived comfortably all winter, using a hot stuff stove on cool days for heating.

Bishop Sellew and wife, besides others, came south and ably assisted us in the meetings that winter, preaching with us on the streets at night and sometimes on Saturday afternoon.

During the winter we had held a public debate on the street with a Mormon elder, and so signally won the victory that he left on the midnight train. The daily paper come out the next day, lauding us for our services to the city, and complimenting us in general.

The third year we returned and opened services in a little plain church which we had bought.

It was at this juncture that we were to be tested. How should it come? By sickness and death? by mobs, such as surrounded John Wesley in his itineracy? Was it to hear the creaking of

prison doors, with Bunyan and Madame Guyon? Let us see.

After our first street meeting the chief of police informed us that if we wished to hold any more street services it would be necessary to obtain a permit, and he added, "I doubt if you will be able to get one."

Accordingly, I went to the mayor (who was a Baptist deacon) to try to obtain one, but he put me off evasively; then I tried again, praying with him in his office. He said he would let us know later, but did not until time for street meeting, when I could not find him in his office, or on the street, so I phoned him at his residence.

I told him we were now ready to hold our street meeting, and would like to have his permission. But he said he was not prepared to grant it. I asked him what he would do were the Salvation Army to come to town, which was likely to be the case in such a growing city. He said he supposed he would have to grant them a permit.

"Well, if you can give them one, why can you not give us one, since we are doing the same kind of work?"

He answered, "Because you have a church in which to worship."

"Very well, but the Salvation Army have a *hall*. We are not after nickels and dimes, but we want to lead men to Christ."

"Well," he said, "I believe street meetings, if conducted properly, do a great deal of good, and if I had my way about it I would grant you a permit, but the ordinance is so drawn up that I cannot do it. I could grant you a *license* for five dollars a day, the same as I grant to circuses and barbecues, but there is no provision made for issuing *permits* for preaching the gospel on the streets.

I replied, "I am very sorry then, for we will have to go without it."

THE FIRST ARREST.

Since our own efforts had been fruitless three times, also the solicitations of some of our friends, including business men, had been turned down, we felt very clear to go ahead and hold our street meeting; whereupon the chief of police appeared and ordered us to stop. Neither the street nor sidewalks were blocked, and a drummer spoke up and protested against his disturbing us, saying that there was no call for it and that they were enjoying our meeting.

He answered, "I have got to do it or lose my

job." A number of voices rang out, "I'd lose my job then rather than arrest a preacher for preaching the gospel." But he went ahead and arrested me, and started for the jail.

I turned around and said, "Wife, you go ahead and finish the meeting."

"No, she wont."

"Yes, we are one and you are commissioned to stand by me."

The courageous little woman stepped out and began speaking, when the crowd cheered until she had to stop and wait until they were through.

We had gone only a little way toward the jail, when some business men intercepted us and offered bond for my appearance at court. Public opinion was running high in our favor, and men denounced the arrest as an "outrage and a disgrace to civilization."

The next Monday morning we appeared for trial, and after a lot of palaver by the tobacco soaked, Freemason judge, I was fined five dollars and costs; but the fine was "suspended" on good behavior.

The judge himself, along with the attorney, also the editor of the daily paper who was a Catholic, declared that they doubted whether such an ordinance was constitutional and thought it

should and would be repealed; but until such a time, it should be respected.

Moreover, they said that they were satisfied that if I should appear before the city council at its next meeting, provision would be made for resident pastors and reputable people to hold street meetings: that the ordinance was drawn up particularly for "long-haired, and tramp preachers," and not for honorable men.

I thanked them kindly, and answered that if the ordinance was drawn up for a certain class, it should be applied to that class and not to me, for I did not belong to that crowd, but to a church that, from the bishop down, believed in open air preaching.

THE SECOND ARREST.

In the interim of our first arrest and the next council meeting, three weeks hence, public sentiment ran high, and the good citizens of the place felt ashamed of the manner in which we had been treated. Strange to say, not one of the pastors of the city ever peeped in our favor; they must first feel the pulse of the people, for this is the way to look after the butter and bread.

The Methodist pastor gave as a reason, that whichever position he took, he would offend some of his members. I replied that he should have

the courage to take his stand for the right, regardless of consequences.

In order to show that we were law abiding, we now declined to hold any more street meetings, though urged to do so.

One Roman Catholic man came to our home on Saturday and earnestly requested us to hold another street meeting. "For," said he, "I want the satisfaction of knocking the policeman down when he comes to arrest you, for I am from South Carolina" (the mob state). I answered that we could not afford to hold a street meeting in order to give him such satisfaction.

At last the time arrived for the city council to meet, Saturday, 2:30 p. m. There was so much feeling in our favor that I did not consider it necessary to take a large delegation with me, but appeared alone before the honorable(?) body. The mayor was not present, so by virtue of his office, the president of the city council (a Unitarian), became mayor pro tem, and presided. He treated me with silent contempt, though he knew me to be a minister of the gospel. After they had disposed of much of their other business, calling to me he said:

"Have you anything to say to this body?"

Whereupon I arose and, bowing to the chair-

man, said, "Gentlemen, I heartily approve of some ordinance regulating preaching on your streets, but I have appeared before your honorable body to request that you so modify your ordinance pertaining to street meetings that it will not exclude resident pastors, or honorable men who are preaching a good gospel."

The chairman retorted, "So you want us to make a special provision for you, do you?"

I replied, "I have asked nothing of the kind. What I request for myself I request for all evangelical ministers of your town."

Leaning back, he said, "It is the opinion of the chair that this ordinance remain just as it is." With but little said, the motion was put, and the preacher ruled out.

It is needless to say that I walked down those stairs with less exuberance than when I walked up. Now our last hope was gone, and we must either submit to this unjust and unconstitutional legislation, or go ahead and act as though it did not exist.

Having resorted to prayer, and conferred with a number of our friends and some business men, we felt clear to hold another street meeting.

The noble little band had sung a couple of songs and I had taken my text when the chief of

police appeared for duty, and, without any preliminaries, arrested me the second time.

A number of business men were ready to go my bond, but the answer was, "I have orders to lock him up." Accordingly, he started with me for the old, lousy jail, above which was the city hall. While on the way, bond was offered for from \$100 to \$500; then to \$1,000; then to \$1,500; but all was refused as though I had been guilty of murder or treason.

I had been locked up but a short time when the door opened and in came one of our preachers who had continued the meeting after I had been arrested.

The town was stirred and a number of business men, headed by a Presbyterian elder, signed a protest and demanded our release. The feeling ran so high that the jail was threatened to be torn down. The officials saw that the only thing to do was to turn us loose, to appear at court Monday morning. As soon as we were out we announced that we would go back and finish our street meeting. This pleased the people, and the street was crowded with friends who were marching behind us to our old stamping ground. We had a good time preaching and warning the people not to hold any malice toward the officials,

but to repent and flee from the wrath to come.

THE SECOND TRIAL.

The next Monday morning, the yard, court room, and stairway leading to it were all crowded with people to see the outcome of the trial. We had to press our way through the crowd and were given seats near the judge. When my case was called and the charges were read, the judge asked me if I pleaded guilty.

I replied, "Yes and no. I answer in the affirmative, concerning the preaching on the street, but in the negative as to being guilty of any misdemeanor."

"Then," the judge continued, "I am not here to pass upon the justice or legality of this ordinance, but since it has become a law of the city, it becomes my duty to defend the law when broken; hence I must fine you, and it being the second offense, I must impose upon you the limit of the law, which will be twenty dollars and costs; also, the former suspended fine must be added to this."

I waited a moment, then arose and addressed the judge as follows:

"Your honor: If I have been guilty of doing anything to mar the peace or dignity of your

city, if I have been drinking or quarreling, or using bad language, I ask you to send me up. But for preaching the gospel—for trying to lead men to forsake sin and become better citizens and husbands—for this, I feel I have done no wrong; and to pay a fine would be equivalent to an acknowledgment of guilt: therefore, I cannot conscientiously pay such a fine, nor will I allow any one else to pay it for me.”

When I sat down there was deep silence and men were weeping. Finally, the pause was broken when a business man proposed to appeal the case to a higher court and pay all the expenses himself. The judge jumped at this opportunity to escape censure and responsibility, and said, “Thank you; thank you, Mr. Smith. I am glad somebody wants to see this tested in a higher court.” This looked like Pilate of old, trying to wash his hands.

I replied, “Thank you, Mr. Smith, for your courtesy, but at the time my trial is called again, I may be up north or out west in a revival meeting, and I could not afford to stop and come down here then. Therefore, I prefer to have it settled here and now.”

After some parleying on the part of the lawyers, my request was granted, and thus the “pes-

tilent fellow" was again on the hands of the judge for disposal.

There was such strong feeling that the judge did not dare sentence me then and there to jail or the chain gang.

The next day, while riding along with Bro. Gardner, who had likewise been fined, the chief hailed us and said, "Well, what about paying your fine?"

I replied, "You heard our statement, that we could not pay a fine for preaching the gospel, nor allow any one else to pay it for us."

"Well," said he, "the only thing to do then is to go to jail." We answered, "Very well; here we are," and he locked us up.

As soon as we entered our new thirty days' home, we began to prepare for the worst. In one corner of our apartment, which was 12x14 feet, stood an old sanitary bucket which had no cover, and had not been emptied for some time. Through the bars, in the colored department, stood another, and the odor was so sickening that I gagged when I tried to eat a lunch. There were two little windows, 2x4 feet in size, nine feet above the cement floor, through which we were to receive our sunlight and a little fresh air. With considerable effort we could climb the wall

and crouch in the window facing the street, for a little while. While sitting here, I announced to the passers by and those who were standing in groups outside, that there would be preaching from that pulpit at 7 p. m.

When the hour arrived, a good crowd had gathered. After singing we announced that we had preached on the streets of Brooklyn, Pittsburg and other large cities in this and foreign countries, and were protected by the officers, but we had to come to Lakeland to be locked up in a filthy old jail.

My little wife, who was sitting in the buggy outside, was ordered by the chief to move away. The citizens protested, saying he could not drive her off the street, as that was the place for a carriage. Finally, he led her away, only to have her turn around and come back and show her fidelity as a true wife should do.

At the close of the service, the chief entered and said, "The next time you preach from the window, I have orders to lock you in the inner cell: more than this, you must work the streets tomorrow."

At this I mounted the window and said, "Good night, wife; please send down my old

clothes early in the morning, for the order is that we must work the streets tomorrow."

One man spoke out from the crowd, "No, you will not. I will work in your place."

I replied, "We must work or live on bread and water."

Another voice said, "No; you will not; we will see that you get something to eat."

Again I answered, "Do you see the signs recently posted, saying no one is allowed to hand anything in or speak to the prisoners?"

Another voice called out, "Tell us the moment you want out, and the door will come down."

I replied, "Don't resort to violence, men, for we will not come out unless the officer takes us out."

At this, one influential man raised his fist and said, "Every man who is a man, let me see your fist." A score or more arms went up. The order was, "Swing into line and follow me." They marched two by two to the mayor's home and awoke him, saying, "We have just come to tell you to come down and let that preacher out of jail, and if you do not know how to unlock it, we will show you how it is done."

It is needless to say that he did so, and we were released.

When we stepped out of the filthy place the stars were shining, and, looking up we said, "Well, it is nice to breathe free air again; suppose we sing, 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.'"

This was the first time we ever heard a crowd of men who were fighting-mad, sing the doxology, but they were ready to do anything we suggested. It sounded so well the first time, we repeated it. Thus ended the second chapter in this episode but there is more to follow.

THE THIRD ARREST.

The fight was now on in earnest.

The Catholic editor joined hands with the Unitarian "city boss," in creating sentiment against us. The majority of business men were for us in spirit, but being without grace, like the Jews of old, were afraid to openly espouse our cause. There were only a few who dared to do so, and as a result were boycotted, and suffered loss in business.

About this time a couple of new brethren came to the city, and as it was Thanksgiving Day, they thought every person would feel more or less religious, and there would be no objection to their going out on the street and at least singing a

couple of songs. But the police did not feel overly religious this morning, so marched them off to jail. The fact that they were strangers in town and did not have much prestige, left them without the sympathy of the people at large. Knowing something of the filthiness of the old jail, I went and bailed them out until their trial should be called. This, of course, identified me with them and made it appear that it was a "put up game to defy the laws of the city." The judge was "sick" (?) and could not preside at the trial, hence the president of the city council was pleased to take his place. It is needless to say that each of the prisoners was promptly fined and given the full extent of the law—twenty dollars and costs. As they did not feel clear to pay, they were summoned to jail for thirty days.

We were now convinced that it was a waste of time to try to hold any more street meetings under these conditions, for we would no sooner get started than we would be interrupted and arrested. But now I felt clear to take out a license (for which I paid five dollars per day) and thus keep within the bounds of the city ordinance.

Any one can readily see that such an ordinance was drawn up purposely to keep the gospel off the streets, as the originators did not suppose that

CITY LICENSE.	
State of Florida. County of Colk. City of Lakeland.	No 1427
In Consideration of the sum of <u>Five & no/100</u> Dollars	
Municipal License Tax, paid to the Tax Collector, and the Clerk's Fee of Twenty-five Cents, the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged,	
<u>C. B. Shellhamer</u>	
is hereby Licensed to engage in or manage the business, profession or occupation of	
<u>Preaching on street with permit from Mayor</u>	
For the period beginning <u>Oct 1</u> 19 <u>12</u> and ending <u>Nov. 23</u> 19 <u>12</u>	
Issued <u>Nov. 23</u> 19 <u>12</u>	
<u>W. L. Swatts</u> Tax Collector.	<u>W. L. Swatts</u> City Clerk

"street preachers" would be able, or willing to pay out such a sum. But we felt clear to do so. Accordingly, when we began singing the people came running to see the preacher arrested. We soon allayed their fears by showing a little slip of paper and saying, "Friends, do not get excited; some of you have come to see the preacher arrested, but you will not see it today, for this little paper protects us. In Lakeland and San Francisco, you can do almost anything; climb a telegraph pole, stand on your head, sing lewd songs, and cheat the people out of their money, if you can only dig up the five dollars and pay your "license." This little paper cost me five dollars,

and it is good for but one day. Preachers generally expect money to be coming their way, but this time it is going the other way." We continued:

"In this city you can take out license for doing dray work which will let you cut and mess up the streets, and it will cost you but five dollars a year; or if you wish to run a grocery store and pile up barrels, boxes and hen coops on the sidewalk, throw banana peelings, rotten apples and decayed vegetables around, where people have to walk—you can do all this and more too, for 'fifteen dollars' a year; but understand friends, if a man wants to preach the gospel and thereby lead drunkards, blasphemers and sinners to Christ, he can not have this privilege for five dollars a year, or fifteen dollars a year, but it will cost him five dollars a day: or in other words *one thousand eight hundred and twenty-five dollars per year*. Now if this is not legislating against a certain class, yea, against the gospel of Jesus Christ, then tell me, what under the sun do we call it!"

By this time the crowd were so wrought up that they began throwing money at me until I had to tell them to stop, we had enough.

We did this for three consecutive Saturdays, and were then refused, even this privilege, though

we shook five dollars at the city clerk. One man sent us one hundred dollars, saying, "This will give you twenty licks at them, and if they cut you off use it for living expenses."

The city boss who was the spokesman for the officials, finally came out plain and revealed the spirit that formulated the ordinance, when he said, "We do not want preaching on the streets of Lakeland. This is a moral town. If you want to do that kind of work, go to Plant City or Tampa, where they have saloons."

I replied, "Yes, but you see men staggering along these streets, just the same." Finally public sentiment prevailed and they were compelled to change the ordinance, the thing for which we had contended from the beginning.

During this time, the two brethren who were still in jail, were one day singing and preaching from the window with telling effect. Of course we drove down and listened to them.

Finally, the order was given that next time they preached from the window they should be locked in the inner cell; and when the hour arrived, wife and the writer were sitting in the carriage just outside the jail. Our brother was commenting on the thirty-seventh Psalm, when the "chief" appeared and ordered him down. The

preacher answered that he would come down as soon as he had finished his Psalm; whereupon the chief proceeded to take him by force, but being unable, went out and deputed two strong men, and the three tore him from the window and locked both of the brethren in the inner cell.

At this sight I spoke out and said, "I protest; this is a step backward toward the Dark Ages and Spanish Inquisition." The chief ordered me to "drive on" and when I declined to do so, came out and said, "I have orders to arrest you for criticising."

I jumped from the buggy and, lifting my hat and bowing to the people, said, "I have protested against this cruelty and now am being arrested myself for so doing." As soon as I was locked up, the police removed all the chairs, so that I was compelled to either stand or sit on the cold cement floor. This was about 1 o'clock in the day, and, looking ahead, I saw that my trial would not come off until the next day, which meant for me to spend the night with a lot of drunks and lousy tramps. I therefore concluded that I would do better to be with the brethren in the inner cell, where we could at least sit, if not lie down, and I knew how I could easily get there.

Accordingly, I climbed to the window and

announced, "There will be preaching from this pulpit at seven o'clock tonight." Of course we had a crowd, and had not proceeded far when the chief arrived with two others; after some effort they succeeded in pulling me down, and locking me up also in the inner cell.

Now we began to sing:

"Dare to be a Daniel,
Dare to stand alone;
Dare to have a purpose firm,
Dare to make it known."

The crowd outside joined heartily in the chorus, while the police tried to suppress them. When he could not do so the door opened and in came our Sabbath School Superintendent, a young man only seventeen, who had been blessedly saved in our meeting. He had been inside but a few moments when he mounted the window and, as a result, landed in the inner cell.

The singing continued:

"Many mighty men are lost
Daring not to stand,
Who for God had been a host
By joining Daniel's band."

And when the chorus was reached, those on the outside joined in again, when the door once more opened—this time Mrs. Beeson, my wife's sister, came in. Now things were getting very

interesting, and men began to get their revolvers ready. The mayor came and urged the crowd to disperse; but they refused to do so until the lady was liberated. In a short time she was released and the rest of us spent the night in the inner cell, which was about four by six feet.

That was a memorable night. We sang and shouted and sang again. Nevertheless the doors did not fly open, as in the case of Paul and Silas.

Many people pitied us, but had they known the peculiar glory that flooded that old cell, they would have saved their pity. When the glory subsided a little we tried to sleep, but the two bunks (one above the other), being so narrow, we had to lie spoon fashion, head to foot. Notwithstanding this, we might have rested some had it not been for the fact that we were frequently awakened by the hardness of the bed, or the loud snoring or vomiting of some drunk, just through the bars. At these intervals we improved the time by singing.

One of the drunks, raising on his elbow, said, "What are you in here for? You ought not to be in here." Some one spoke up, "You are in here for getting drunk and they are in here for telling you not to get drunk." And still another said, "Queer laws we are living under here.

Lakeland is up to date. It is noted as a city where they built a church in one day, and where they lock up ministers for preaching on the street."

On one occasion the chief came in and said to me, "Why do you make us all this trouble? Other preachers in town do not do so."

I replied, "If they were obeying the command of their Lord and following the example of their respective founders, they would all be going out into the highways and hedges preaching to those who were too poor or did not have the disposition to go to church."

Some of the brightest converts we have ever seen have dated their salvation to street meetings. John Wesley, Whitefield and their coadjutors held open air services, sometimes preaching to as high as sixty thousand at a time.

THE THIRD TRIAL.

The next morning at nine o'clock, having spent the night in the inner cell, I was taken out for my third trial—this time, not for preaching the gospel, but for "inciting a riot." Any one can see the fallacy of this charge, since I was not responsible for what men did or threatened to do outside the jail while I was in the inner cell.

At the city court I was informed by the judge that he could not try me, as mine was now a *State* case, hence I was turned over to the deputy sheriff who took me to Pilate (Judge T.) Of course many said that this dear old judge would not sustain the charge against me, and would throw it out of court; but when it came to the trial he could not withstand the officials, for they must all cling together, regardless of justice; how else could they get their bread and butter?

Though we had a competent lawyer who had been judge of the county for eight years, and the city had a young upstart of a lawyer who was not near the equal of our attorney, yet at the close of this preliminary trial, the judge looked wise and in a very deliberate manner, said, "I find enough evidence against the defendant to bind him over to the circuit court." At this the young lawyer jumped to his feet and said, "Now, judge, we are tired of straw bonds, and hope you will demand a bond that is a bond sure enough; for we are tired of this man, Shelhamer."

He was in hopes that the judge would fix a bond that would be so high that I could not meet it, and consequently, would have to lie in jail for two months, awaiting my trial. The bond was fixed at two hundred dollars, and a prominent

business man requested the privilege of going on as bondsman, after which he took the paper to others and finally presented it to me with over three hundred thousand dollars pledged. There were so many names that it had been necessary to attach an extra sheet.

When I took it to the judge he did not look up, so I said, "Good morning, judge. They wanted a bond that was a bond sure enough. I guess I have one. There are over three hundred thousand dollars pledged here, and if you want more I can easily get it. I trust this will hold the prisoner all right." There was no answer and I said, "Good day, sir."

When my time came for the final trial at Bartow, the county seat, I was there on time, but the attorney for the state informed me that he had not filed a bill of information against me. He said that it was nothing but a piece of persecution, and he did not purpose trying such cases.

When I returned to Lakeland my friends were overjoyed at my liberation, while our enemies were chagrined.

About this time letters began to pour in to the mayor from the Governor of the state, from our friends from Maine to California, and from Canada to the Gulf, all condemning the action of

the city officials in this outrage to civilization. The mayor said he was almost afraid to open his mail, lest his eye fall upon the maledictions that were constantly pouring in. The chief of police declared that he had lost more sleep over it than any other thing that had come his way. Poor fellow! He said he had to do it or he would lose his "job," and in the next city election he lost it by a large majority, after which he took sick and was bedfast. This gave me an opportunity to show him kindness by visiting and praying with him. Others also came in for their share of retribution in the way of sudden deaths and disgraces. The mayor and the president of the city council, along with others who opposed us, dropped down and out. They did not know it would cost so much to relegate the gospel from their streets.

We were urged to sue the city for ten thousand dollars, but declined to do so. As it was, it cost the city dearly. We heard a real estate man say that it had cost the city fifty thousand dollars and a bad reputation besides. He was at the depot one day when the train from the north pulled in. A man looked out of the window and asked, "What place is this?" As soon as he saw "LAKELAND," he said, "Drive on; this is

where they lock up preachers for preaching on the streets.”

Not only the religious, but the daily papers of the north took it up and vindicated our cause. The following summer, while laboring in camp meetings in various states, we had so many friends and sympathizers because of this, that I sat down one day and wrote a business man of Lakeland as follows: “Please thank Mr. M. (city boss) and all his associates for the great favor shown us in giving us so much free advertising. I did not know we had so many friends until now.”

In closing, I feel like saying with Paul:

“But I would ye should understand, brethren, that the things which happened unto me have fallen out rather unto the furtherance of the gospel.”

“And many of the brethren in the Lord, waxing confident by my bonds, are much more bold to speak the word without fear.” Phil. 1:12, 14.

CHAPTER XXVI.

GOD LOVED ME TOO WELL.

Speculating Preachers—My Experience in Real, (Un-Real) Estate—Quick and Big Money a Hurt, Rather Than a Help.

Give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me: lest I be full and deny thee and say, Who is the Lord? Or lest I be poor and steal. Prov. 30:8, 9.

We fear it is a hindrance rather than a help for a minister of the gospel to handle or own much money. As a rule, riches and the power of the Holy Ghost do not go hand in hand. Peter said to the lame man, "Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee: In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk." I would rather have power to say, "Rise up and walk," than be able to say, "Here is a check for one thousand dollars."

When we first went to Florida I determined that the "commercial spirit" should not get hold of me. While in California I noticed with grief how many heralds of the cross had been side-tracked by this snare.

Many a preacher goes to a warmer climate

for his health. He has "sore-throat," "indigestion," or a "nervous breakdown." He does not want to be entirely idle, since he has been accustomed to a life of activity. He is not there long before he becomes acquainted with some citizen or real estate agent who has done well, speculating on land. Wishing him a pleasant stay they suggest that he may as well take an option on some lots for ninety days, as he will not be out anything, and in this way he can pay the expense of his trip and perhaps clear a thousand dollars, as many others have done. At first he looks dubious, but little by little is drawn in.

I had traveled around the world and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf, and had never had a settled home of my own. While in Lakeland, Fla., I was offered three nice lots in the growing section, at fifty dollars each. Thinking this would be a nice location for a little home, I accepted the offer. Later, when we bought a church in the same town for one thousand dollars, the pilgrims were so poor that we were able to raise but two hundred. In order to close the deal we must have five hundred dollars for the first payment; and as no one else came forward with the money, I proposed to put my three lots on the market and turn the money in on the

church. After much advertising and long waiting, a buyer came who took them at three hundred dollars. He had not held these lots longer than two weeks when he was offered six hundred for them. As soon as the property left my hands, the other man could double his money, but God loved me too well to let me do so.

After having secured the church, some one suggested that it would be nice to get the four vacant lots in the same block for pilgrims who might want to built near the church. Accordingly, I wrote to Jacksonville, but my letter was returned marked "uncalled for." About the same time an enemy to our work wrote to the same party and succeeded in buying the lots, held them but a few days and doubled his money.

God loved me too well.

Another instance: A reliable real estate agent seemed to take a liking to me. He said he had just cleared \$50,000, and would like to help me make a little money. He suggested that I take an option on sixty acres of land, so took me out on an auto driveway in the direction in which the city was fast building. There was enough timber on the place to pay for it. He offered it to me for forty-five dollars an acre. I was to pay a small sum down to hold it and in six months' time

triple my money. As I had a little money on hand which I was to use later on in publishing a new book, I told him I might do so. If the deal went through, I of course would gain, and if not, he would refund the "purchase price." It all seemed "Providential." (?) Oh, how the devil has used that word!

But I waited and wrote repeatedly, attempting to secure a clear title, and finally had to give it up. A short time after this, another man took hold of it and soon had good papers. He had held it only a little while when he was offered two hundred and fifty dollars an acre for the front acreage. God loved me too well to let me clear \$3,000 in so short a time. I had planned on using it to get out good books and help establish holiness in Florida, but other men have likewise entertained great and good plans until the money was actually in their hands and then they changed or forgot their former plans and said to themselves, "I never made money so easily and so fast in my life before; I believe I will try it again." And he got into the current and never got out again. Poor Demas! Paul said, "He hath forsaken me, having loved this present world."

Still another instance: I tried to help a poor

widow by advancing money to pay her back taxes on some lots in Chicago. The lots were hardly thus redeemed till we were notified that her ungodly son had put a mortgage on them which would soon be foreclosed. Now, in order to save the sixty-five dollars already advanced, it became necessary to lift the mortgage. This we did, bringing the entire sum invested up to over six hundred dollars. But we were told that since the lots were on Madison street, they were worth three or four times this amount, so we felt safe in going ahead. We offered the lots for one thousand dollars, thinking a buyer would readily be found. But instead, they remained unsold for several years, during which time about three hundred dollars were paid out for special assessment taxes for sidewalks, sewerages and other things. We were finally glad to sell them without *any* profit. This, with much criticism and misjudging of my good intentions, convinced me that God loved me too well to let me make money on Real Estate. Others can double their money in a few days, but this kind of success has ruined more than one good man, and God has loved me too well to let it come my way. I have never known one man (and I have known many) who has made money fast, who in his serious moments did not

say, "I have done so to my own hurt. I am less spiritual than when I was struggling with poverty."

"Ill that He blesses is most good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be His sweet will."

God kept me not only from getting into a spirit of speculation, but also from too much appreciation. Most young preachers and evangelists seem to strive for recognition and popularity. They bow, fawn and scrape before the "higher ups" in order to get their names and pictures in print; they tone down and go back on past light, in fact are willing to lose their identity if they can only stand in with ecclesiastical diplomats, or those who have a little money. God in mercy did not let me do this, but on the other hand, held me to the most radical and unpopular truths. This was what saved me. Grant that I may have had more zeal than knowledge at times, in championing certain unpopular issues, such as death to carnality, plainness of dress, etc., yet God mercifully overruled it and used it to

"Keep me little and unknown,
Loved and prized by God alone."

Very few, especially young preachers, dwell deep enough in God to survive *luxuries* and a *large circle of friends*. God loved me too well to let me have either.

CHAPTER XXVII.

PECULIAR COVENANTS.

"Never Pray for Money."—Sunday Mail—Taking Subscriptions on Sunday—Reading the Word.

Keep therefore the words of this covenant, and do them, that ye may prosper in all that ye do. Deut. 29:9.

God may lead us into special covenants for various reasons. First, in order to commit some special charge to us. Second, to fortify us against danger or disobedience. Third, to test or strengthen fidelity in us or others. If He sees fit to lead one to make a covenant peculiarly hard and self-sacrificing, it is not because He arbitrarily delights to do so, but perhaps because some need severer measures than others to get them through to heaven. Or it may be that God wants, even in this loose age, examples of fidelity and integrity. Sad that sometimes He has to search before He can find those who are made of martyr material and able to stand the pressure. The more we renounce for Jesus' sake, the more we get in return; so do not pity those who give up and suffer more than others; they are rather to be

envied. While God has no favorites, yet there are a few who die out to all things but His glory, and to such He is pleased to reveal His secrets.

There is a vast difference between having a good time in secret prayer, and entering into a special covenant with the great God. The fact is, covenants are, as a rule, few and far between, while glorious seasons of communion with our Lord should be daily. It may require the latter to prepare the way for the former. Daniel fasted and prayed twenty-one days and then God revealed to him wonderful things that those who were with him could not see. Sometimes, upon one word whispered to the soul, hang untold events for weal or woe.

I will speak of a few such occasions when words of special interest and meaning were secretly spoken to my heart.

When we first opened up mission work in Atlanta, expenses were high, and we were without any income; this drove us to our knees. While others were asleep, the writer was wrestling in prayer sometimes to nearly midnight. It generally required a good part of the time to first pray through for finances, after which the way was clear to prevail for souls. One night while thus praying, the Lord very kindly but positively

laid His hand upon my mouth and said, "Never pray for money again; see to it that you keep tender in spirit and burdened for souls and I will do the rest, and see that you have all you need." I said, "All right, Lord; I take Thee at Thy word." This was so real and made such a profound and lasting impression upon my mind that ever after, when we have been embarrassed financially and I have started to pray about it, I have been reminded of that contract and instead of praying for money, I looked around to see if I had become harsh in spirit or careless in the practice of self-denial. As soon as I had renewed my covenant and had a season of breaking up before God, invariably finances began to come in. I have proven this time and again.

Another covenant was that of not sending out mail at such a time in the week that would necessitate its being handled on the Sabbath day, excepting such as must cross the seas or otherwise cover seven days to reach its destination. Many times when tempted to break over on account of the work of God, or when hundreds of dollars were at stake demanding an immediate reply, I have found that by waiting till the following Monday, God in a very special way has protected and cared for results. So much so that

had I become fearful and set aside this covenant, I would have been the loser and matters of vital importance would have suffered. "He that believeth shall not make haste."

Another covenant was that of taking subscriptions for my paper or selling song books on the Lord's Day. Frequently at camp meetings and conventions, people who have lived in the country or at some distance have driven in on Sunday, and, as it was their only chance they desired to renew their subscription for my paper or buy one of my new books. I always let them know that I do no business on the Lord's Day. Rather than sell, I have frequently given away books to those who could not get them on any other day. When they have insisted on knowing the price I have declined to tell. Then they have insisted on making an offering to the work, and, as a rule, it has amounted to much more than the regular price. In this way I have kept a good conscience, avoided the appearance of evil, and never lost, but rather, profited.

It is so easy to let down little by little, until former convictions have come to be uncertain and unreal. This was the way the Salvation Army began: At first they sold the War Cry on Sunday because it did so much good.(?) This

opened the floodgate, and it was not long before they were selling books and having ice cream festivals and charging admission to "Hallelujah weddings." Oh, let us "Abstain from all appearance of evil."

Another peculiar covenant was that of taking time, upon rising, to read two or more chapters in the Word and to wait to hear what God would say, before seeing any one, or reading anything, even to a headline on a paper. God is jealous for our first love and first thoughts. All earthly loves and comforts should step aside that our Lord may first speak and reveal His plan for the day. "But the room may be cold or it may be impossible to get alone!" Very well, our Lover is not unreasonable; should such be the case, He hastens to tell us more in a few moments than in whole hours when we take pains to pamper the flesh. It was hard to learn this lesson. Many times, when crowded with important mail or a piece of work around home, I have, for the time being, set aside this covenant and have proven before the day was past that what I did was a failure and had to be done over.

And still another: For years I have found it safe to recognize the voice of those who were over me, as the voice of God to me. When at camp

meetings or conventions, where there were three or more services daily, I have ventured on several occasions to suggest to the committee on public worship a change in the programme. Though I felt sure I was aiming alone at the glory of God, I have proven time and again that in the end it was best to hold still and quietly take everything as from God. When I have thus rested in God and humbly accepted what was given me, He has often stepped in and at the last moment changed the programme or made some one sick in order to let His unworthy servant deliver a burning message that a large congregation needed to hear. It is blessed to lie low and let God in His miraculous way set before us open doors that no man can shut.

Other covenants besides these have had much to do in the health and protection of us and our children. When we have obediently kept them we have felt well nigh Omnipotent. We could easily claim the holding of trains and steamers over time, or hurry them up, defy wrecks, pestilences and persecutions, compelling all, with one simple act of faith to work together for our good and His glory. It is easy to believe God for everything when we are keeping these heart-covenants, some of which are too sacred to reveal to any one.

But when we compare ourselves with others and think that after all, there is no need to be so particular and peculiar, then we are left to ourselves and much time, energy and money are wasted. "Who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a *peculiar people, zealous of good works.*"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A FEW UPS AND DOWNS.

Cold Shoulder—God's Vindication—The Trunk of Books.

I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content. I know how to be abased and I know how to abound. Phil. 4:11, 12.

As a rule the pathway of life is strewn with ups and downs, appreciation and depreciation. God in mercy has it so, for if all were appreciation we would get puffed up, and if all were depreciation, we would be cast down. Doubtless the majority of people need more of the latter than the former to keep them in their proper places. The writer has had a taste of each.

At the close of the last camp meeting for the season, wife and I started for New York, where we were to take ship for our missionary tour around the world. On the way we stopped off to attend an annual conference which was then in session, where we were acquainted with a number of brethren. We had not been there long when we found that there was quite a spirit of antagonism toward us.

Finally, a leading brother called us aside and said, "There is a good deal of feeling against you

here. Many of the brethren think you have been on the independent line and have failed to hold yourself continuously to regular pastoral work. You are sort of an irregular and come and go as you please. They think if they could publish and sell books, and thus be able to take a trip around the world, they also would do so; and the result would be, every one would do about as he pleased. There's quite a feeling against you. In fact, I'm tried with you myself."

I replied, "Perhaps it is true. I have felt called to do pioneer work, and my methods may seem to be more or less independent, and not according to the regular order of ministerial labor. But if these who are tried with me will suffer a word of explanation, I may be able to clear up some perplexities. If I cannot now point to any existing results of my 'gadding about,' then I deserve the reprimand. On the other hand my good brethren will doubtless bear with me, if under God I can refer to a number of good societies in various states, several of which are the largest in the church; also a new district in Georgia and Florida (now a conference), besides scores of revivals from the Atlantic to the Pacific. In each instance of our starting a new work, sometimes sleeping on the floor and going hungry; when we

finally succeeded in bringing the work up to where it was self-supporting, we have stepped aside and let another enjoy the benefits. Have these brethren accomplished similar results? If so, I will rejoice and will not feel hurt at their going to the Holy Land and around the world, especially when the Lord providentially opens up the way."

But though we made this explanation, we were given the "cold shoulder" and a chance, as old Benjamin Pomeroy would say, to "grow tall sitting on a low bench."

After this week of pressure and ostracism, we continued our journey, stopping off at another conference which was yet on our way to New York. This time we were expecting similar treatment, but to our surprise, a hearty welcome was given. This was in such striking contrast that our hearts were melted. Here we were asked to deliver a number of messages. The cold treatment at one place prepared us for the warm reception at the next.

Another instance, this time in another direction:

We were attending a camp meeting. Various ministers had been put up to preach, but the "extremist" had not been asked to pray, sit on the

platform or do anything, though he had been on the ground several days. It became so noticeable that the good bishop insisted on "showing due courtesy to the visiting minister."

"But he is an extremist," was the reason given.

"That is a mistake," replied the bishop. "I have heard him on other occasions."

Several more days passed and at last he was asked to speak on Monday morning. Of course there would not be many present at that time, and the fanatic could not do much harm. It was amusing to see the theologians and old reliables come in and take seats where they could hide behind some one else and yet get a full view of the "good meaning, but unsafe" preacher.

For the first fifteen minutes it was "hard sledding" and looked as though he would not make it. The presiding bishop was the only one whose sympathy was fully with the speaker. When God saw that he refused to cut and slash in self-defense, He let down from the skies such a heavenly anointing that the people looked like grasshoppers. Confessions were made and many remarked, "That was the way we heard it twenty-five years ago."

When we refuse to defend ourselves, God steps

in and vindicates us better than we could ourselves. Oh, that we could always remember this!

And still another instance: Years ago after coming South, I endeavored to return and answer the roll call at my old conference at least once in two years. In order to do so it was necessary to take some books and Bibles along to sell and thus pay my car fare, which was about twenty dollars each way. A large body of ministers and delegates were present.

Being well acquainted with the pastor, I readily obtained permission to stand my trunk at the door. A representative of the publishing house was present and had several large tables near the pulpit. He, of course, had the advantage over me, which was right. Nevertheless, in order to be loyal to the church I told him I would not offer for sale anything he carried, but would put such out of sight, in the bottom of my trunk. He remonstrated and said I should go ahead, that he had a much larger stock than I, and would not be affected much by my sales. Yet I did as I promised.

On the second or third morning, as soon as the chair called for "new business" a good brother arose, and, taking a firm stand, said he had a "resolution," as follows:

"In view of the fact that the publishing house has a representative agent here,

"Resolved, That we patronize our own publishing house to the exclusion of all others."

When he sat down one of my warm friends arose and said:

"Mr. President, I do not fully understand the meaning of this resolution. There is no other publishing house represented here and we do not know to whom this paper refers, unless to Bro. Shelhamer, who has a few books to sell. This is the only way he can get here, and we are always glad to see him."

Now the battle began, and these giants locked horns in debate. Finally, it was ruled that if one preacher had a right to sell books at conference, all had the same right, and they might as well all turn in and be book agents.

But my friend objected, saying: "The cases are not analogous. We all receive salaries and can get here for a few dollars, but our brother is doing pioneer work in a needy field, without salary or support, and it costs him at least forty dollars to attend conference. I think this is an exceptional case, and we ought to make provision for the same."

Nevertheless the vote was taken, and the resolution went through. After I had caught my

breath, I arose and begged pardon if I had grieved any of them, telling them I had "done closed" my trunk, and there was no need of this waste of time, that it all could have been saved had they but intimated to me that I was overstepping my rights.

The whole thing was amusing and looked like stopping a big express train, and calling all the train men out to debate over a gnat that had gotten on the track. The great question was, "Shall we shoot him off or run over him?"

Many came to me afterward with sympathy or indignation, and wanted to buy some books, but with a smile, I declined. "Well," said they, "If you will not let me have anything, here is some money I felt like giving you."

At the close of the conference I had over two hundred dollars and a trunk of books to sell at some other point along the way.

Did it pay to be sanctified and hold still? Did it pay to let God fight the battle?

It would have been so easy to have said some sarcastic thing or to have announced that my books could be seen across the street, but this would have been fighting my own battle. Oh, that preachers as well as others could die out to the bottom and get an experience that would enable

them to hold still and 'answer never a word.' This is the great need of the holiness movement—power to hold still while under pressure.

"He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city."

Depreciations and criticisms from brethren in the church do one good, and enrich and broaden him if he takes them in the right spirit. On the other hand, if he is resentful, he is likely, sooner or later, to grow sour, become critical and finally make shipwreck.

It is surprising how men can "feel hurt" over some little inattention, or lack of promotion, and threaten to leave the church because of it. Why! I have had enough to come against me from holiness brethren, high and low, to have caused me to leave the church and turn infidel long ago, had I let it. But I could not afford to do so. Where would I go? We shall find misunderstandings everywhere. Wesley said, "Expect contradictions with crosses of various kinds."

This is a part of the contract. God help us! If a man has what he professes, he will keep sweet and smiling when he is set aside and left unnoticed. He who feels tried because he is not put forward and noticed, needs to be at the altar instead of in the pulpit.

Again, Wesley said, "The ill-usages and losses and crosses are better means to growth in grace than when everything is according to our liking." I have found it so, and I think that at the judgment we will thank God more for criticisms than for flatteries; more for misrepresentations than for vindications; more for hardships than for comforts. All these things will seem little and trifling then.

We might well pray, with an early saint, "Grant me prudence to avoid him that flattereth me and to endure patiently him that contradicteth me."

Yes, I have had a few Ups, along with many Downs, but I confess the former are not so helpful to growth in grace as the latter. Nearly every promotion to which one looks forward, is disappointing, and he longs for something higher and better.

I well remember how righteously exalted I felt when given an exhorter's license. But I was not satisfied, until licensed to preach. The next "Up" was ordination, after which I was elected conference evangelist, then district elder and later still, delegate to general conference. But what of it?

In all these things, God kindly let me have

enough perplexing cares and criticisms to keep me humble and enable me to say, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit." I have often wondered why men were so anxious to go to general conference. They have been known to pull wires, paying out considerable, to move from one conference to another, for no other apparent reason than to be "in the saddle" and finally be elected as delegate to some general gathering. What could have been the motive? Election to some little office, or a trip with all expenses paid? No wonder such men can take advantage and ride in pullmans, and dine in diners, without any effort to curtail expenses. It is like boarding at a luxurious hotel and asking a self-sacrificing mother at home to pay the bills. No one is fit to go as delegate to general conference or any other gathering, until he is perfectly willing to stay at home.

I know a little lady who, though conference president of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, when elected delegate to general conference, preferred to practice self-denial and let the reserve delegate go in her stead. She said she would rather hold a revival and see souls saved than have the pleasure of attending that great gathering. It is next to heaven to live with such a person.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A FEW DOWNS AND UPS.

First Camp Meeting—On Same Ground Twenty-five Years Later—The Noted Evangelist and His Oblivion.

Promotion cometh neither from the east, nor the west, nor from the south. But God is judge: he putteth down one, and setteth up another. Ps. 75:6, 7.

Doubtless the Psalmist wrote these words from experience, as well as from inspiration. How true! Today a man may tower above the greatest; tomorrow he may cower before the meanest.

As I grow older, and see the possibilities of obscurity and the uncertainty of popularity, I am inclined more than ever, to be considerate of others, especially of the poor. I feel like tipping my hat to every ragged, ignorant boy; for, later, when he has become a great speaker, I may be glad to find a seat in his audience. Or, when he sits as judge, I may need to ask of him a favor.

Treat the boy considerately, for you may some day want him to treat you the same.

Shortly after my conversion I attended my

first camp meeting. It was all new to me. I was a total stranger to the campers and they seemed to think that mine was not a genuine case of religion, because I had not been cast in their mold. I received few and feeble "Amens," and was left to stand around alone, without fellowship. It became so noticeable that an on-looker remonstrated with some of the brethren about it. One of the preachers "felt led" to tell me not to be so noisy during the altar services, while others treated me with cold suspicion. It was a great trial, coming as it did from holiness people and those who should have taken me in, and if need be, taught me the way of the Lord more perfectly.

Right here is where good people sometimes make a great mistake, and become narrow and sectarian toward a stranger, or one who is not of their crowd. Suppose he *does* not pray or testify with our particular tone of voice. Or, grant that he does not dress so plainly as we. Will we ever help him by huddling together and treating him as though he were a leper?

I remember how I looked upon those ministers! "I would give the world," thought I, "if I could exhort and move the people like Brother P—." But since then the same man has come

to me in despair, because his brethren had expelled him for crime.

Then there was another brother who could give such fine Bible readings. "Oh, if I could only be with that man and learn the scriptures!" thought I to myself. Since then, he came some distance to have us help pray him through from a backslidden state.

Another brother who was much gifted in song and prayer, but passed me by when I hoped he would speak, has since spoken, and asked me if I could give him a home.

He who hushed me up at the altar service, lost his reason and was in a pitiable condition the last we heard.

I did not dream at the time, nor did they, that there would be such changes in a few short years. Nor did I even fondly hope that the time would come when the same awkward country boy would be invited to preach on the same camp ground, to thousands of hearers. Many seekers came to the altar, some of whom had passed by the lonely boy twenty-five years before. "It is a long road that has no turn."

Another down and up: I was assisting a general conference evangelist in a tent meeting. Some of the members found they were not right

and the pastor blamed me for "unsettling them." Accordingly, he met me one evening outside the tent and said with a good deal of feeling, "I am very sorry, but I will have to ask you not to take part in any more of the services." Of course I did not want to be a hindrance to the meeting, so, instead of taking my place on the platform, sat in the audience.

After singing a couple of songs the evangelist looked around to see his helper, and, spying me in the audience, said, "What are you doing down there, Brother Shelhamer? Come up here where you belong." I confess I was in a strait betwixt two, and looked first this way, then that; but finally decided that the evangelist was proper authority. This made the pastor look cheap and I was sorry for him, but the order was, "Come up higher," and I had to obey. It was another case of "*Downs and Ups.*"

At the close of this tent meeting I was invited to assist in a good camp meeting in the same city, but have never seen the little authoritative pastor since, though that was nearly a score of years ago. I fear he has had his *Downs*, and but few *Ups*.

And still another: About fifteen years ago, when we first came south, a noted evangelist felt

it his duty to write me up in a large holiness paper and denounce me as a fanatic and crank from the north. Because of his prominence and power, this greatly hurt my influence. Other preachers and workers of less prominence took it up and of course many doors were closed against me. At the time, I thought it a great calamity, but now I see that God ordered it, to keep me from coming into appreciation too rapidly. A young preacher is to be *pitied rather than envied*, who is pitch-forked into prominence all at once. Very few can stand it.

It was the making of Joseph to be thrown into prison unjustly for over two years. It took this to ripen and mellow him.

During these fifteen years of misrepresentation, we were publishing a paper of our own, and could have said strong and hurtful things against those who were doing all in their power to crush and injure us; but dared not do so, for we felt that God would stop defending us the moment we began to defend ourselves. When God saw that I was willing to be of no reputation, the tide finally began to turn; and later I was invited to conduct a series of services at Asbury College, Wilmore, Ky.

Now the president of this school, Rev. H. C.

Morrison, takes up his pen and endorses through the same paper, him whom the noted evangelist had formerly denounced. But this comes after having patiently waited for fifteen years. Strange that about the time the unpopular man comes up, the prominent man should go down, to rise no more.

I have learned two lessons from this. One is that when we are misunderstood, if we answer "never a word,"

He who has the might,
Will sure defend the right.

Another is, that no man can become so powerful and secure, but that he can go down in disgrace. He may be mightily used of God, and in such great demand that he can set his own price and get more calls than he is able to fill; yet, unless he remains humble and holy, he will sooner or later go down. It is a fearful thought that there are men now in hell and others on the way, who once towered and soared above higher planes than many of us ever walked.

"Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

CHAPTER XXX.

A FEW TESTS.

The Impudent Moslem—Fumigating A Home With Prayer—Licentious Preachers—The Sectarian Bigot.

He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city. Prov. 16:32.

A number of years ago, I needed a watch, but thought a cheap one would answer the purpose, so bought one. In a short time it began to go wrong and kept me in uncertainty. I could not afford to miss trains and steamers, so bought a seventeen jewel watch, and since then have had no trouble. It was a source of great comfort and confidence, while touring Palestine and other lands, sometimes out of reach of civilization for days, to know that I had correct time, and need not worry about making connections.

Years ago I needed an experience, and tried the cheaper kind, laying 'all on the altar and believing the altar would sanctify he gift,' etc., etc. But occasionally I had trouble on the inside. After having tried this cheap method several times, I keenly felt that there was a death and resurrection through which I had never passed.

After days of crying out against my inward foe, I received a baptism, blessed be God, that has stood the test ever since.

I well remember a test of grace which came to me at Hebron, Palestine. A company of us had driven down from Jerusalem, and having gone up to Abraham's oak, we ate a lunch and prepared to see the city. Before doing so we undertook to take a picture of the pool of David. About the time I found the focus, a young Mohammedan came and deliberately held his hand before my camera. I motioned for him to step aside, but he simply gave a defiant grin. Then I moved and he waited until I was again ready, when he stepped up and did as before. I moved again, and this time had wife stand between me and the stone wall. Now when he saw that his plan was thwarted, he grabbed from the head of one of his comrades, a filthy fez (a red cap worn by the Turks) and with all his force, threw it into my wife's face.

Brother, what do you think you would have done in such an instance? I know what I would have done at one time, before I had saving grace. I had such an uncontrollable temper around the blacksmith shop that my father called me the "black sheep of the family" and said he feared I

would sometime land in the penitentiary or on the gallows. Two weeks prior to my conversion, I had a seven-round fight with a grown up man and gloried in the fact that he was afraid to meet me in a second bout. I speak of this with shame, but only that I may magnify the grace of God.

Now, for this impudent Moslem to insult my wife thus, and for me to feel no anger or resentment, was surely contrary to my nature. Yea, it was nothing more or less than the mighty grace of God. Not until after this occurrence did we realize our danger. It then appeared that a band of robbers were in the rear, urging this young fellow on, to the intent that he aggravate us until we should retaliate. Then they would have an excuse to resent it, with the result that we would be robbed if not murdered. Such was a frequent occurrence at this fanatical center, a man having been killed the day before we visited the place. I would advise the reader not to visit Hebron, until he is sure he is sanctified wholly.

Another test on a different line: I was engaged in a meeting in a large city, and was entertained in the pleasant home of a fine young couple. The husband left early in the morning, and was gone all day at his work. The front and back doors were kept locked, and no one

could see in or enter without ringing the bell. The weather was intensely hot, and the rooms were so arranged that the only way to get air was to open the door which led from one room to another. I did not like the appearance of things, and requested the pastor to get me another place; but this was not convenient. Then I walked the streets in order to avoid coming in close contact with the only one in the home. Finally, I became desperate, and resolved to fight it out on my knees. I told God that I was not responsible for present conditions; that I would change them if I could, but since I could not, therefore, I demanded in Jesus' name, complete victory over every evil suggestion that was placed in my pathway. The result was that God let down so much of His presence that the atmosphere of the home became marvelously changed. Up to this time a fleshly, sensual spirit seemed to predominate. But now God's awful presence was in the ascendency, and the place became peculiarly sacred.

We become responsible, if we allow our minds and imaginations to wander in the least; we become responsible if we let evil suggestions get too near and hang around us, unchallenged.

Doubtless this is where most men begin to go down. They do not resolutely resist the first ap-

proach of temptation. It is worth the effort, to be able to feel that one has left a home or community as pure as he found it.

I have known men who were such slaves to lust that they closed a good meeting too soon, and went out of their way many miles to reach home, if but for a day. God help us! Such men ought to stop preaching holiness until they can get victory over themselves.

Still another test: I was invited to assist in a couple of camp meetings of another organization. The bills were struck and full preparation was made to take the long journey. But when the District Elder of that particular section heard of it, he wrote a "protest," signed by several of his preachers, against my coming. I replied that I was loyal to our church, even if I did accept an invitation to assist in a camp outside her pale; and, to prove my loyalty, I would be glad to divide the time and assist our own people in any meetings, for which they might arrange. But another letter came, saying, "We decline to accept your services."

Here, again, it was nice to be sanctified wholly. At one time I would have written this good, but sectarian brother that I was going just the same; and please to let me know when God had

made him vicegerent of that part of the earth. But this would be no way to prove perfect love; it would rather prove carnal pride. God wants to save us so deeply that when another manifests bigotry, we will be magnanimous enough to show a better spirit. As a rule, one will gain a greater and more lasting victory by making concessions and giving in, than by manifesting self-will under pretense of being led of the Lord. Oh, that we would always remember to practice this.

Well, how did it turn out? After prayer and consultation I felt clear at the last moment, to abandon the trip. I realized that the Elder had fight in him, and he would simply hurt his own soul as well as any meetings I might hold within the bounds of *his* district. I did not have to wait long until I received an invitation from another Elder in an adjoining conference, and the result was that we had more calls and to larger places, than would have been the case had we insisted on carrying out the first plan.

A sanctified experience is an enigma to carnal men. We triumph over them by letting them trample upon us; we get our way by giving up our way; we shine the brighter by giving up our own wit and brilliancy; we run the faster, by going slowly with God; we are appreciated the more

for being willing to be set at naught. Oh, the beauty of going out of ourselves and being swallowed up in God. When we commit all to him, he commits much more to us. Reader, have you ever learned these secrets? Theory and head knowledge will not do. The only way is to get a heart experience.

CHAPTER XXXI.

RESULTS OF A SMALL BEGINNING.

The Story of Two Tracts—"The Making of Books There is No End"—God Shovels in as We Shovel out.

Who hath despised the day of small things? Zech. 4:10.

Everything and everybody has had a small beginning. The athlete was once a helpless babe, the mighty oak was once a tiny acorn, and the universal church a handful of fishermen.

As one little match has swept prairies, vast forests and large cities, so the publishing of two small tracts has started a fire that has swept around the globe and will never be extinguished to all eternity.

When twenty-one years of age, we held a meeting in Greensburg, Pa., to which we have already referred. During this meeting I saw the need of tract distribution on the streets and in house to house visitation. I could not find exactly what suited me, so undertook to write a couple, one for open sinners and the other for cold church members. Ten thousand of each were printed. These tracts were so in demand that in the course of a

year they were gone. The next year, four varieties were added to the list, making six in all. Sixty thousand of these were printed and in one year they likewise were exhausted. The next year I added six more, making twelve kinds. Ten thousand of each again were printed, making one hundred and twenty thousand. As before, they lasted but one year. The number was again doubled, swelling the list of subjects now to twenty-four. We still held to the ten thousand impressions, which made two hundred and forty thousand.

By this time we saw that God had evidently called us, not only to preach the gospel, but also to publish clean-cut literature. More tracts were added to the list, until over seventy different kinds were being published.

Now we felt led to launch a holiness paper entitled "The Repairer." This has been published for about twenty years. Other papers have come and gone. At first they left us far behind in appearance, force of contributors and editorial ability, but in a couple of years they blinked out, while our little sheet has steadily plodded on.

Next we felt led to begin publishing books and booklets. The tracts now, instead of being the leading feature, took third place, for each suc-

ceeding year we have added to the book list until some thirty or more, costing from one hundred to one thousand dollars each, have been published. At this writing, four new books have just been finished which cost over two thousand dollars, and this one is to cost over one thousand.

You may ask, "Where do you get the money for all this?" I answer, "By honoring God." In connection with our tithe, we have made numerous donations of books to orphanages, rescue homes, poor preachers and missionary work. As fast as we have shovelled out, God has shovelled in. Our custom has been to sell these books at such a small margin that the poorest could secure them. Our profit sometimes has been one or two cents a copy, and many times the books have been sold at actual cost. These books have been circulated all over the United States and in many portions of Canada and other foreign countries.

Many preachers invest their money in real estate and other kinds of secular business that bring more rapid returns than we have experienced in handling books. But such money does very little good, and very often it has been an actual curse. Money is no good unless it can be made a blessing to others, and we know of no better way to be a blessing to others than to set

them to reading good literature. Men will read, when they will not go to church. This is a sure way to mold character and bless the world after we are gone. Would it not be grand if those who have money lying away doing no good would put some of it into a movement like this, instead of waiting until they make their wills for ungodly lawyers and children to set aside?

I have often wondered why God ever laid the work of publishing upon such an incapable one as myself. I have coveted the ability of some of my brethren when I have seen their polished style and beautiful language. But perhaps if I had had such ability I might have accomplished about as little as they. Some men can take a pen and make their thoughts readable at first writing, while I have to go over mine several times; even then they lack polish. Notwithstanding this, God has held me to it, and He has been pleased to use these weak efforts in the enlightenment and salvation of many souls.

It reminds me of the incident of the noted sportsman who knew all about getting game and could give philosophical ideas on hunting. But after doing so, on one occasion he headed a party and went out to hunt and failed to get anything. On his return he met a colored man who, likewise,

was returning from a hunt and was loaded down with game—whereupon he inquired of the colored man, “And how did you get so much game? Did you shoot them on the wing, or how?” “Yes, Massa, I hit them wherever I could, on the wing, tail or head, just so I got them.” Sometimes God has to take the weak and ignorant things to “confound the mighty.”

PART II.

SOME OF MY MISTAKES AND WHAT THEY HAVE TAUGHT ME.

Confess your faults one to another, and pray one for another, that ye may be healed. James 5:16.

Webster says that a "mistake is an error in opinion or judgment; misconception, misapprehension, and deviation from propriety." That we all have made mistakes none will deny. Some of these have been more serious than others. A mistake may be so serious as to be criminal in its effect.

The principal difference between a mistake and a sin lies in the fact that the intention is pure in the one, but not in the other. Though perhaps a mistake may not incur the divine displeasure, yet it may hurt one's influence and bring havoc to the work of God. For this reason we should pray for grace and wisdom to be kept not only from sinning, but as far as possible from making blunders. The more conscientious one becomes, the more aggravating will appear *even his mistakes.*

The writer can testify of a truth that his mistakes have been greater sources of mortification than many of the sins of his former life. Notwithstanding the fact that they have been very grievous to me, I dare not waste time, or please the devil mourning over them, but will believe God to so overrule them, that in the end, others along with myself may get more good and His name receive more glory than had they never occurred.

To relate a few of them (for their name is Legion) may lower me in the reader's estimation, but if he can profit at my expense and thereby avoid similar errors, I will hope that, like Samson, I may accomplish more through my blunders than through my seeming successes.

MISTAKE I.

"Zeal Without Knowledge."

I always did admire zeal rather than formality in religion. My father ground into me when a boy, that "What is worth doing at all is worth doing well." This remained with me, and somehow when I got religion I got it all over and later on when I entered the ministry, naturally took to the radical rather than the conservative element.

I will here relate an incident which occurred shortly after I began to preach. I had read and heard how Lorenzo Dow, Peter Cartwright and others were used of God in reproving and awakening sinners. One day while in a certain town looking up a place to hold meetings, I was walking along and saw a man coming toward me. I was suddenly impressed with the thought that I must warn him of the coming judgment. Just as he was about to pass me I reached out my hand, and taking hold of his shoulder, said: "Dear man, you are going to the judgment, and where will you spend eternity?" No answer was given and he walked on. Presently I glanced back; he had stopped and was looking at me. I rejoiced inwardly and thought, "You are struck with con-

viction as with a lightning bolt out of a clear sky." Perhaps he was and perhaps he was *not*. He may have been wondering what fanatic had just escaped from the asylum. It doubtless would have been just as effectual to have first greeted him, or given him a tract, then delivered the message. Sometimes a little thing like a tract will introduce one and open the way for a personal conversation.

Well, what did this teach me? It taught me that there was no special virtue in being blunt and abrupt. It taught me that in order to deal faithfully and be "free from the blood of all men," I need not be discourteous. It taught me that if God has used eccentric and outspoken men in the past it was not due to the fact that they naturally were such, or that they were His special favorites, but because they were simple enough to let Him use them, and perhaps they would have been more mightily used had it not been for some of their crude peculiarities.

Another lesson I needed to learn: As I began to travel more extensively I saw that men were going to hell by the carloads, and felt I must do something to rescue them; accordingly I always carried a lot of leaflet tracts for distribution in the trains, depots, etc.

But here was my mistake: upon entering a train or boat I could not feel restful and easy until I had first "done my duty" toward the salvation of all on board. Hence I proceeded to distribute tracts and sometimes gave a few pointed words of exhortation. If I thought that the captain or conductor might object, I made it a point to go either ahead or behind him so as not to encounter him. Sometimes he would be enraged, but I would rejoice that I had been persecuted for righteousness' sake, not thinking that possibly it might be for my own lack of discretion.

It remained for me to find the secret of distributing tracts and performing other cross-bearing duties with ease and naturalness. Here was the divine plan; upon entering a train or any other public conveyance, I was not to get agitated or in a hurry, but first sit down in a restful, praying mood and believe God to be more interested in the salvation of souls than I possibly could be; this being true, I could afford to hold myself in readiness and be glad to be an errand boy for Jesus. I was to have no preconceived program, but at such an instant as the Holy Spirit might say, "Now is the time," to go forward without a moment's hesitation and trust God for consequences.

And what did this teach me? It taught me that there is no galling yoke attached to the leadings of the Spirit. It may mean opposition or self-denial, but there is a buoyancy and holy delight in that direction. How different are the drivings of Satan and fanaticism! You feel you "must do your duty," but, oh, what a dread and strain are associated with it.

It also taught me that I must be myself in God. I was not to be like Jehu, Peter Cartwright or any one else, but like Jesus. He is the perfect example.

I am aware there are two kinds of dispositions. One gets ahead of the Spirit, and the other lags behind. One is ever ready to take hold and do something, though in an awkward way, while the other sits back and looks wise, excusing himself that he is not called to such juvenile work. Some men, like some horses, need to be held back that they may live longer and have more reserve force for special occasions. Perhaps this suits my case. Others need to get a move on them and *do* something. Yes, *do* something! I mean *you*, you easy-going, namby-pamby, goody-good-for-nothing sort of a fellow, wake up and *do* something, even if you *do* stumble over yourself while doing it.

MISTAKE II.

Too Secluded and Unsociable.

After I got a real sight of carnality and its subtle workings, then the mighty deliverance that came after six days of dying out (the disciples were at it ten days), I began to think that very few professors, including the ministry, knew what it was to pass through that deep, inward crucifixion to the self life. It seemed my eyes were so enlightened and my spirit so susceptible, that now I could discern the outcroppings of the "old man" where formerly I did not think he existed. It was all so clear to my mind that I thought any one could surely see it if he wanted to. In my efforts to undeceive others I fell into a grievous fault myself, becoming denunciatory and driving in my manner of preaching. I dwelt more upon the crucifixion agony than upon the resurrection glory. It put them to seeking (which doubtless was necessary), but did not proportionately stimulate hope and faith. My brethren became afraid of me, for they said that I did not have confidence in their experiences.

The reason I could not have full confidence in some holiness brethren, was that their jesting,

joking remarks and sometimes undue freeness and familiarity toward those of the opposite sex seemed so horrible, that in spirit I ceased to fellowship them. They felt it keenly and said they could not get near me. Here was my mistake, and not until I took my first trip to Georgia did I fully recover from it.

While at Stone Mountain in a meeting, one morning, wife and I ascended the mountain and there spent the day in fasting and prayer. God in mercy flooded my soul with a special melting. He revealed to me the possibility of keeping so bathed in holy oil that instead of holding compromising brethren off at arm's length lest I take on some of their ways, I could draw up close to them and if need be let them pour upon me all of their views, and nothing would stick because of the anointing. More than this, the only way to stab a man under the fifth rib is to get up close to him.

To me this was a valuable lesson. It taught me that, like the tugboats in the filthy Chicago river, we could plow through the contaminating things of this old world and nothing would stick to us. Yea, the obstacles themselves, instead of hindering, so far polish us that sooner or later we will see that they were just the things we needed.

MISTAKE III.

Too Confidential.

We are in a world of misunderstandings. The motive or intention may be as pure as heaven, and yet the behavior open to severe criticism. In our efforts to avoid this we are liable to swing from one extreme to the other. It seems too bad that about the time we get half way balanced up, we either go to heaven, or become so tame and conservative as to cease to wake up the dead.

In my second mistake just mentioned, I fell into the error of denunciatory preaching and shutting myself up in spirit from my brethren lest I should become tainted with their sentimental ways. In short, I became too unsociable. Now after recovering from this I went to the other extreme, and in several instances became too confidential. On one occasion a preacher was seeking help in his experience, and being troubled along the line of amateness, asked me how I lived. I insisted that it was not my prerogative to say how other married people should live, as that must be a mutual agreement between themselves, but then went on to relate a little of my personal ex-

perience and the blessedness that came from such a life. Later on he backed down, then made capital of what I had said. In this, I was sincere but was too confidential.

From this incident let me here exhort the reader: keep some things to yourself. Remember, intimate friends may not always remain such, and should they turn, they are capable of doing you more hurt than any one else. One writer has said, "Never make confidants." And a greater one has said, "Trust ye not in a friend, put ye not confidence in a guide: keep the doors of thy mouth from her that lieth in thy bosom. For the son dishonoreth the father. The daughter riseth up against her mother, the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law; a man's enemies are the men of his own house." Micah 7:5, 6.

Do not tell all your plans and inner convictions, for sometimes things are repeated, not intentionally to hurt you, but it gives the devil a chance to work against you. Always have a business understanding in "*black and white*." Under no circumstances trust to memory, for memory sometimes forgets. No difference how saintly the person, sometimes he changes his mind. And remember that people will more readily believe a woman's statement than a man's. Gener-

ally speaking, they have a right to, except in business matters. In this respect, as a rule, women are changeable. For this reason when once a good Christian lady gave me a deed to a house and lot I kept it awhile, then, without her asking, gave it back to her. Another good woman offered me eight hundred dollars with which to buy a home, but I thanked her and declined, saying she might need it herself, later on. I have been thankful many times since, that I did not accept it. It is easier to get into a thing than it is to get out.

MISTAKE IV.

Getting Ahead of the Spirit.

Doubtless if we believed God more implicitly we would make fewer mistakes. It is so natural to become restless and over-anxious, especially on critical occasions, lest things should not come out all right. At such times we act as though God had deserted us, or to say the least, had to be coaxed mightily to consider the situation.

I well remember the time when the business man who offered us the horses, came to our home to pray through, and was at it from early morning until nine o'clock at night. No nourishment had been taken and such unearthly groans and confessions were being wrung from his soul that he could not stop, nor could we offer a suggestion. Up until about eight o'clock, the Holy Ghost seemed to say, "Everybody stand back while I deal with this man's depravity in judgment fury." About this time the presence of God lifted a little and the man felt great relief, but did not have a clear witness.

Here was where I made a mistake. I feared that he had had such a threshing out, that to stop

short and leave without the assurance and little or no joy, would bring a reaction and he would become disgusted and never return. Accordingly, I urged him to press his case until he was fully satisfied. For another hour he agonized, largely in his own strength, and finally said, "I am so weak in body that I can go no further." Without saying much, he departed. During the night the Lord began to talk to me, saying that one hour out of the Spirit did more hurt physically, mentally and spiritually than all the other ten or twelve. Oh, what anguish of soul I suffered that night. I told God that if He would only overrule it and give us another chance, I would have sense and discernment enough to keep out of His way and stop when *he* stopped. He took me at my word and sent the dear man back with additional light which he could not have afforded to have passed over, even had it been possible to have received the witness of the Spirit without it. As before said, he and his entire family took the way.

I can see now that God had to permit this blunder of mine to teach me a valuable lesson, viz.: to rest in Him and believe Him to bring all things to pass. It taught me that when one fully commits himself, his family and his interests to God, no power other than his own can wrest them

out of the Omnipotent grasp. "Neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand."

It taught me that though it is a great art to get souls to the altar, yet they are generally "healed slightly" who are pulled there prematurely. If they are too honest to profess, and yet are not under deep conviction, they are ashamed to return, and thus we defeat our own object.

It taught me that though superficial teachers abuse faith and let souls profess too easily, there is on the other hand a possibility of not using the strong arm of faith enough, hence, limiting God's willingness and ability to finish what he takes in hand. While we are anxious to see a soul get the victory on the spot, yet if he is nowhere near the end of himself, is it not better to hold him to the point of submission rather than have a spiritual abortion? Like a young chick, the seeker who does not peck his own way out, at the best will be only a weakling.* He who has to have others help him pray through, will have to be prayed through again, or, to say the least, will always need help, instead of being able to help others.

MISTAKE V.

Dealing With Fanaticism.

Fletcher said, "The fanatic speaks far more confidently than the real humble, holy, inspired saint of God."

Others may confess and acknowledge their faults, but a fanatic, never. He will acknowledge anything rather than that he is fanatical and impressional.

During my early experience I was associated with a brother who was given to fanatical notions, the result of which had a tendency to affect me more or less. Afterward, through divine grace and the wisdom of a faithful companion, I was enabled to fully recover myself. Perhaps God permitted this, that later on I might be able to help others. But in my effort to do so I can see now where I made a mistake. I saw how ruinous and contagious it was, hence undertook to suppress it. In so doing it seemed necessary to go after it publicly. I doubt now whether this was the best method, since fanatics seem to delight in opposition. True, it is hard for a pastor to see his work demoralized and not take his stand,

but he can often do so without dragging it into a public service. It seems a pity to compel a whole congregation to listen to a subject that affects but two or three persons. Besides it is resorting to the pulpit to correct what might be done more effectually in private. Then it looks a little like taking advantage of another when he cannot answer, and this has a tendency to separate, rather than unite in spirit. I found this so by experience. More could be said, but I will close by quoting from my other book, "False Doctrines and Fanaticism Exposed."

It is a sure characteristic of fanaticism to go from one flight to another; from one startling position to another. The fact is, it does not stand the wear, and as soon as one extraordinary leading loses its inspiration, rather than admit a failure, another suggestion or prophecy is launched, and so on, until it becomes almost impossible for God, or any one else to arrest it. If a failure or collapse *does* finally come, it will vindicate itself by placing the responsibility on those who did not quickly obey and run at the first crack of the whip. As a rule it has to run its full course and to oppose it strenuously is to feed and prolong its existence. It thrives on opposition and can not bear to be left unnoticed. This will kill it more

quickly than anything else; keep sweet and do not act as though it were around. If it exhorts and takes the denunciatory attitude, do not contend, but put your own construction on it and say, Amen. If it shouts and screams do not look morose, but turn in and let God give a sample of genuine blessing. An ounce of this will silence and disperse fanaticism more effectually than a ton of argument.

The way to fight strange fire is not to whip it, for in so doing you only scatter it; but build another fire and make it so hot that it will envelope the former. Fight wild-fire with real fire. Amen.

MISTAKE VI.

Defeating Our Own Object.

"If what I wish is good
And suits the Will divine,
By earth and hell in vain withstood,
I know it shall be mine."

If God has a message that He wants delivered, and you are to be the mouthpiece, you need not be discourteous or press your way in at a half-open door in order to do so. It is *His* truth, and if you keep in readiness He will surely give you an opportunity, or, should carnality shut you out, you will get credit just the same. Many times earnest souls make a mistake right here.

Perhaps at some general gathering a certain theme was either neglected or abused and you longed to say something. No opportunity was given, so you resorted to the testimony service and there delivered a long exhortation. The result was that you either killed your influence entirely or gathered around you a certain class who saw things just as you did and then the authorities took it in hand and you were given no further opportunity. Doubtless had you remained low and as far as possible manifested harmony, you

would have been given an entire service and then you could have taken time and handled your subject in such a way as would have either enlightened or silenced everybody on the ground. But you took things into your own hands, got in a hurry and defeated your own object. The writer has done this very thing.

Oh, that we could always sense the situation as Jesus did. He went up to the feast at Jerusalem, but not until it was half over (John 7:14) did He make Himself known. And even then, though He taught some in the temple, He patiently waited until the "last day, that great day of the feast," and then it was that He "stood and cried, saying, 'If any man thirst let him come unto me and drink.'"

Well, what did this mistake teach me? It taught me to measure my strength and not spring an issue or a fight until I felt sure I had enough force and cooperation to clean it up. It taught me that when the superficial side is very strong, one should not necessarily endorse it, or openly oppose it, but, as when bathing in the surf and a breaker is coming toward him, "duck under" and let it go over his head. To withstand it, is to be knocked down and likely drawn under by the swift under-current. Fanatics will say that to

do this is a compromise, but many times it is the best policy. Wesley seemed to know this secret when he penned that wonderful poem, one verse of which says:

“Oh, wouldst thou, Lord, thy servant guard
’Gainst every known or secret foe;
A mind for all assaults prepared,
A sober vigilance bestow;
Ever apprised of danger nigh,
And when to fight and when to fly.”

MISTAKE VII.

Creature Comfort.

“Creatures no more divide my choice,
I bid them all depart;
His name, His love, His gracious voice,
Have fixed my roving heart.”

The more we find consolation in earthly things the less we will feel the need of seeking it from above. The sooner we get weaned from human joys, the sooner we will find the joy that has no reaction.

Just to the extent that we let creature comfort satisfy, to that extent will the Creator add bitter to the sweet.

THAT WONDERFUL BABY.

Yes, it is the sweetest, prettiest, smartest and most promising specimen of humanity in town. This is generally the case, especially with the first-born. And this God-given affection is not to be despised, for without it, the little darling would be neglected, suffer and die. Be it known then that we are not advocating stoicism, or the crushing out of natural affection, but we want to notice a few ways in which these little flowers may become hindrances, especially to young preachers.

1. IN PRAYER.—It is so easy upon waking to fondle and love the little one until the time and desire for communion with God have gone. Oh, the valuable article that should have been written, or the glorious revelation of some Scripture that was missed, for a few prolonged caresses.

God is jealous for our first and freshest love and the more we permit something else to usurp its place, the more He will be compelled to mix bitterness and disappointment with our substitute. The more consolation we seek from above, the less will we need from below. Should earthly joys and blessings be ours then God has a double claim upon us and our adoration and self-sacrifice must likewise increase, lest these very things become curses.

2. IN PASTORAL VISITING.—There is no better way to make one more sympathetic and forget his own little troubles; there is no better way to break down prejudice and build up a congregation; there is no better way to get new, practical matter for a sermon, than pastoral visiting. Satan knows all this and is pleased if he can get a man (or woman) to be so taken up with the cares or pleasures of the home that the work of God will have second, rather than first place. Doubtless more than one circuit has suffered, or

to say the least has not grown as it should, simply because excuses were made to stay at home when with a little effort, soul refreshing calls could have been made.

3. IN STUDY.—Conference has convened, the report has been read, with more or less excuses interspersed for lack of success. The next question: "Have all the conference studies been brought up?" Then there follows a prolonged effort to explain: "My eyes," "my nerves," "sickness in the home," "had to work for a support," etc., etc. True, sometimes some of these things are great impediments, but where there is a will there will be a way, or we will *make* one.

If there were only a little more system, or where system is broken into by the irregularities of baby life, there could be progress made if more tact and determination were employed. For instance, look ahead and devour a page or chapter while baby is asleep or being held by a visiting neighbor. Or, have the good wife or some good reader read aloud while the resolute man keeps time with the washing machine or something else. To this, Bro. Failure is ready to smile or criticise, but let us remark that if the early pioneer preachers and some since their day have succeeded against great odds, why can not others do so who

have as good or better advantages? Adam Clarke when a school boy was known as "the blockhead," but he persevered until something cracked loose in his head and then he left every one out of sight. He mastered Greek and wrote most of his noted commentaries while traveling circuits, on horse back. "Nothing succeeds like success."

MISTAKE VIII.

Doing Right Things in a Wrong Way.

Thou shalt not hate thy brother in thine heart; thou shalt in anywise rebuke thy neighbor and not suffer sin upon him. Lev. 19:17.

Finney says: "Men are bound to reprove their neighbor for sin. Love to God plainly requires it, and love to your neighbor demands it."

There are many commendable things that can be performed in a wrong spirit; for instance, there is such a thing as *correcting* a child in the wrong way; *giving* to God's cause from a wrong motive; *testifying* in such a manner as to draw attention to self, or to let some one know what you think of him; worse still, *preaching* against certain evils in such a way as to attack the prejudices of the people, instead of appealing to their reason, or conscience. Doing these and many other things at the wrong time or in the wrong way, often does more harm than good and defeats the object of the one doing it. But we desire more particularly to notice the art of successfully reproving our neighbor.

It required a long time for the writer to learn this. Perhaps I have not fully learned the lesson

yet, but am pressing on to know. Not until I had passed through many a misunderstanding and misrepresentation myself, did I fully learn that there are two sides to every story: that when anyone was charged as being guilty, I should not allow myself to be easily biased or influenced against him and accordingly, pass sentence before hearing the other side. If he was an accountable being, doubtless he had a reason for taking the course he took, and surely as a Christian I ought to go as far as an atheistic judge, who is supposed to be on the prisoner's side until he is proven guilty.

Oh, that many who are looked upon as models of piety could take a few lessons along here. It is so easy to fall into the habit of discussing the strong and weak points of absent brethren. This leads either to evil speaking or to something about as hurtful—feeding pride and bolstering up self in view of the fact that you are not so bad as the one discussed. I can feel sad even now as I look back and see where, upon false or inferential evidence, furnished me by some influential one, I formed an opinion, or went further and censured another, when later on I found him to have been greatly misrepresented. Is it not as wrong to rob another of his influence for good as to rob him

of any other thing? If he be a minister this is his capital, this is his bank account, and it is no greater crime to steal his horse and buggy than to kill his influence for good.

“But,” says one, “his influence is *not* good.” Then you should follow the Scriptural plan (Matt. 18:15-17), and go to him like a man and “tell him his fault between thee and him alone.” It is cowardly and mean to wait until you have a crowd on your side, or after you get away, to write a letter. But even here there is a possibility of making a great mistake: not only must the *proper method* be employed, but the *proper time* as well. It is not best to deal with another in a heated or severe manner. It does not produce good or lasting results. Besides, it lessens one’s influence. The greater the offense the more need there is of calmness and melting. This can not be had without much prayer and deliberation beforehand. Another secret is to study the disposition and watch for the opportune moment when the reproof will be accepted. Oh, the need of divine wisdom in dealing with immortal souls. Lord, give it to us all.

MISTAKE IX.

A Commercial Turn of Mind.

The idea of getting gain possessed me at an early age, and my young mind began to scheme how I could earn a few pennies of my own. I roamed the valleys in search of elder berries which were dried and sold to the huckster at three cents a pound. In exchange, he gave me young chickens at from ten to fifteen cents each. These I turned into hogs, and the hogs into calves, and the calves into colts; so that by the time I had finished the country school and was about to start to college, I was following Jacob's example in stock raising. Had I continued thus, I would doubtless have become rich.

But God ordered otherwise. It is usually those who have ability to make money whom He calls to a life of trust. Christ did not call tramps and easy-going men to follow Him, but rather those who were wide-awake and capable of doing something.

On arriving in our new field in the South, we had no means of support. Times were hard and money scarce. It was as easy to get ten dollars in Pennsylvania, as one dollar in Georgia. So it may be clearly seen that had we been after

money and appreciation we would have remained in the old Keystone State. God and His providences seemed to hold us in Atlanta, and little by little, we gained a foothold. After three years had passed and we had a family of twenty-five or more workers to feed, it meant close figuring in order to get through. In addition to our own family, the poor and homeless frequently called for food.

Our compassion for this class of people gave us the idea of starting a coal and wood yard, in order that we might give work to the unemployed. In connection with this we fitted up a lodging house above our mission, where men could get a bed for five and ten cents; and if they did not have the money, they could work it out in the wood yard. Much coal and wood were given away, and to those who were able to buy, we sold.

We had no thought of our own interests in the way of money making, but, to our surprise, the business more than paid expenses, and the first year we cleared two hundred dollars. The second year we enlarged, and the profit was over one thousand dollars. At this point, the tendency would have been to plunge in for all we could make, but instead, we felt led to abandon the coal business and devote our time and energies to

printing. Here, as well as in other projects, much detail work and figuring were required.

In addition to all this, we were getting in deeper by taking charge of a Rescue Home in Cleveland, Ohio. Now we had a family of fifty or more to support, and it meant an expense of about two hundred dollars per month. There being no steady income, the burden was thrown upon the writer. This financial strain necessarily developed and made me a financier, which I now fear was a mistake. Had I spent my time and energy in prayer, study and writing, instead of figuring and economizing, I believe I would have been much farther along spiritually; and perhaps would have seen as much accomplished philanthropically.

And how shall I profit by this? If by diligence and frugality, I have been able, not only to carry these burdens, but in addition, to lay something aside, I am resolved, not to do as men generally do—plan and speculate that they may get more; but to publish and circulate good literature that never would have been circulated had there not been something upon which to draw.

I have known men who had ability and felt led to write something that would have stirred thousands, but they never did so, because there were no means available, to push it through.

Instead of straining to save something for a "rainy day," let us set something in motion that will live after we are gone; and He who takes care of the sparrow will surely take care of us.

But how can it be done? By economy, self-denial, and good management. Suffer a few suggestions. By doing our own cleaning, pressing and many other things that most people hire done. Instead of having beefsteak and canned goods once or twice a day, fruit, cereals and vegetables are cheaper and more healthful. A daily newspaper does not seem to cost much, but in a year it runs up to about five dollars, besides crowding out the Bible and time for secret prayer.

We have known preachers' families to be always poor because their ideals of living were too high. They always wanted the best of everything. Suffice it to say they owed bills here and there or were so close pressed that they were never able to do much toward helping God's cause.

Another reason why some people are not blest financially as they might be, is that they are too narrow and self-centered. It pays to tithe and practice liberality. There is nothing gained in giving just as little as possible in order to protect a reputation. "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty."

MISTAKE X.

Stressing Minor Issues.

The tendency with every man and movement is to be more radical at the beginning, than in after years. Rev. B. T. Roberts, founder of the Free Methodist Church, said, "No church has been known to retain its original purity, simplicity and power longer than one generation." Youthful minds do not have the scope of vision of older ones, hence are more fiery and less reliable than those of maturer years. As a rule, he who is extremely radical at the start, later on becomes more charitable in his views, and consequently, more efficient in his labors. On the other hand, he who has always been "wise" and "sane" and never made any bad breaks, to hurt his reputation, has likewise never gained much of a reputation for breaking through formality and dead orthodoxy, and snatching souls off the brink of hell. The first is like the buzz saw that rips and makes the dust fly, but needs ballast and power to drive through the knots and hard places. The second is like the smooth-running balance wheel that looks nice, but does not get down to detail

work and lay hard things wide open. Each needs the other, to be successful.

A mistake of my early ministry was the making too much of detail and minor issues; dealing with the outside, out of proportion with the inside. Somehow I got the impression that, to be an old-time, uncompromising preacher, I must frequently fire into secret societies, tobacco, jewelry, Sunday street cars, tea and coffee, pork and oysters, neckties and mustaches, etc., etc. It was like spending time in cutting off the various boughs of a noxious tree, when the proper thing would have been to lay the axe at the root.

Madame Guyon said, "Preach to the heart if you want lasting success."

No doubt this is the reason converts under one kind of preaching have more endurance and stability of character than those under another kind. In the first instance law and righteousness are preached; in the second, the emotions are stirred by touching incidents, and souls are encouraged to think their religion consists in a big shout and giving up a few outward things.

The fact is, God will never send a man to hell because he got drunk, committed adultery or murdered his wife, but rather because he was all wrong at heart. The doing these and other aw-

ful things, did not make the man wicked, but he did these things because he was already wicked at heart. If we can get the sinner's heart thoroughly broken and subdued, he will give up, not only all sinful *practices*, but all sinful *desires*.

This method of emphasizing outward reformation rather than inward regeneration, precipitated needless opposition, and gave me a reputation that required years to counterbalance. If the devil could not get me to become tame and powerless, then he was pleased to have me become such an "idol smasher" as to make people afraid of me. This closed many doors that I might have entered.

And why did God permit me to fall into this error? Perhaps because He saw that people in general have always taken to men who were of an intense and radical type, and, being of that order, I was in a fair way to popularity, which would doubtless have been my ruin, as has been the case with so many.

Popularity and human praise are more to be deplored than blunders and an imperfect understanding. Had I used more wisdom in my early preaching, I might have had a wider influence, and perhaps less grace. This is often the case.

But I must be content. Doubtless even Peter

and Paul had to their dying days, some things to regret.

It is like certain kinds of fruit. That which ripens quickly is most in demand and brings a fancy price, while the sour and gnarly varieties require longer time for ripening, but are later on, appreciated more than the other, because of their *lasting* qualities. Perhaps it is a merciful provision of God to keep some kinds of fruit (men) from ripening too fast. The market would be glutted.

I do not wish to be misunderstood. While I believe in taking the safest position on every question and at the proper time speaking out against every wrong practice, yet I consider it a mistake to press some things upon souls, when there may be other things they need to renounce, a thousand times more important.

MISTAKE XI.

Too Busy.

If the devil cannot keep a man in obscurity he will let him become so popular and in such demand that he will have little time for prayer, reading and meditation. When these three things do not stand out prominently in a minister's life, he ought to make for the woods or stop preaching. It is not enough to go through with the form, or make-believe, but the whole soul must be inundated frequently in order to be fresh and inspiring. Sad to say that about the time most preachers acquire more or less ability as soul winners, they are sidetracked into doing something else. The successful man is bid for and as a result becomes loaded down with various things, such as committee work, correspondence, lecturing on prohibition, raising money for schools, rescue homes, church dedications, etc., etc. All these things may be worthy, but there are plenty of good men who are capable of doing the same, without diverting the man of God from his original calling. We have only about so much energy anyway and it pleases the devil to have us use it up on some

“side line,” when vastly greater returns would be produced by holding to the main line. As one has said, “Many a man’s spirituality has been buried in the grave of his activities.” How true!

Here is where I made another mistake: I have been too busy. Of late years I have lived such a public life that I have failed to be as domestic as I should have been. Having been an evangelist and District Elder for twenty-five years has necessitated my being away from home most of the time. At first it was not so serious, as wife and little girl could accompany me. But later, when we had three children and they needed schooling, this plan was abandoned, and I did not see my family for from one to four months. After a long absence from home I have had to put forth special effort to get acquainted with my own children.

I fear there are few men, myself included, who are broad enough and deep enough to be intensely spiritual and thoroughly domestic at the same time. Domestic cares have a tendency either to make one more sympathetic and magnanimous, or on the other hand to make him narrow and exacting. In too many instances the latter is the case. If one insists on making a success of the home, he will not be at his best in soul saving;

and if he gives himself up fully to the work of the Lord, then the home is apt to be neglected. I have wondered if it was not a mistake for Christian workers who have no children to adopt them. Parental affection is lacking and to set in to cultivate it, one does so at the expense of spiritual development and passion for souls.

For ten years or more, I have, under God, been able to do about three men's work; and as a result my mind has been so pre-occupied by business cares and religious responsibilities, that sometimes my apparent indifference and absent-mindedness have been a source of trial to others.

I am writing these lines with tears as I remember our sweet, blue-eyed, golden-haired baby girl, who, when she occasionally slipped into the study where I was battling with a stack of mail or working on a new book, would whisper or speak in an undertone to her mother and say, "Papa." She seemed to feel she was intruding. Though I generally smiled and gave her a kiss, I feel a sense of sadness now that I did not take more time to let her climb up into my arms and "yove" (love) me. *But I was too busy.* I would give a great deal if I could once more hold that well-poised little form which now sleeps up on the silent hill. Had I only known that the little blos-

som would have been with us so short a time, I would gladly have given her some of the time I have spent in tears, kneeling at the little grave.

And what have I learned from all this? I have learned that being too much absorbed, even in good things, is not best for soul, mind or body. Solomon must have known something about it when he said, "Of making many books there is no end; and much study is a weariness to the flesh."

Perhaps God has to do as the gardner does, transplant some flowers in order that those that remain may have more room for enlargement. He has to let sorrow and adversity come, in order to slow some of us down, and get us back to the good old days of quietude and meditation.

Yes, I fear I have lost much by being so busy, buying up every moment of time and wishing I could buy at a fancy price what others wasted. While I would rather take this course than the easy-going, self-indulgent life that most people live, yet I am reminded that Jesus said, "Take heed to yourselves, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with. . . the cares of this life, and that day come upon you unawares." Luke 21:34.

A RETROSPECT.

In looking back over my short career, there are many things I could wish were different. With the knowledge now possessed, I think I could greatly improve upon the past. However, there are some things for which I am glad. Let me mention a few.

First, I am so glad I obtained a genuine case of religion with which to start. This was what saved me from a premature grave, to which my reckless living would have led. Or, in case it had not cut short my life, doubtless the present time would have found me, like many others, quarrelling, and struggling for a mere existence.

With saving grace, *God gave me the courage to follow my convictions*. It meant a good deal for a boy of sixteen, while yet seeking religion, to go against the example of his respected father and white-haired pastor, in giving up the use of tobacco and the occasional drinking of ale, though the latter was used by them, only for medicinal purposes.

It is a wonder that this did not damn me. My father was a good man and exemplary in every

respect except that the doctors had urged him to drink ale and use a little tobacco for his dyspepsia. The devil and some of my relatives used it and said, "Do you think you will ever become a better man than your father? See how he prays and gets happy in the Lord! What harm can there be then in a little tobacco?" This almost silenced me, but I finally said, "I cannot help what father or the dear old pastor does, I am not their judge, but nevertheless I doubt if it is to the glory of God, and I am done with it."

When I took this stand, father said, "If my boy will give these things up for Jesus' sake, I will also." Was not the youth going too far when, next, he remonstrated with his parents, against being irregular in having family worship? Surely he was becoming too religious when, though the entire family used pork and strong coffee, he felt like abstaining. These and other things may seem insignificant, but sometimes little things strengthen or weaken character more than do great ones.

It requires more courage to withstand the jeers of friends because of some so-called "non-essential," than because of things which are generally recognized as sinful.

The call to preach and the consequent leaving

of home to attend college, were the next shocking things to my parents. But sometimes it is the making of one to, like Abraham, 'get out of his country and from his kindred and from his father's house.' It throws him upon his own resources and the weaning develops him. God knew His business when He thrust me out. Open air singing and preaching on the street and in camp meetings have so strengthened and enlarged my lungs, that I do not expect to go, as did two brothers and three sisters, with that dread disease, consumption.

Second. Another thing that I have never regretted was that I cast my lot with those who held to the doctrine of holiness. It was while attending a Congregational college that I felt I ought to take this position. I knew that nearly, if not all the school faculty, were against the doctrine, as taught by John Wesley. I saw also that as soon as a theological student joined the college church, he was helped financially and promoted in various ways. Now, for me to be the only one in a large class to identify myself with the despised holiness people, especially the "howling Free Methodists," meant that with one stroke I cut off all hope of ever amounting to anything. It was like stepping on board a sinking ship.

"We are sorry for him," they said. "It is the last we will ever hear of him." But after these years, all I can say is that I return the sympathy and am sorry for all those students who, to be more popular, failed to take a decided stand for this central of all truths. I fear they have had their *downs*, but few *ups*.

For example: I was assisting in a camp meeting at Elgin, Ill., a few years after leaving college; and, as I was walking down the street one day, a man drove up in a rickety old bakery wagon and hailed me, saying, "Hello, Shelhamer!" I spoke to him, but said, "I confess I do not know you."

"Don't you know me? Come now, I know you do."

"No, I cannot place you."

"Aw! you know John C.—"

"What! is that you, John? What are you doing in that old bakery wagon? I thought you were called to preach."

"I thought so too, but I could not make it go, and I have a family to support."

Who was he? He was a great singer. He was the champion debater in the literary society. He was the valedictorian on graduation day. The phrenologist who had felt his head, declared that

he had the most symmetrical head he ever examined. "You can be a musician, a lawyer, a physician, a preacher, or anything," said he. And sure enough, he was driving a plug of a horse, in a wabbling old bakery wagon. He was one among many who had pitied me for taking a pronounced stand for holiness.

Third. Another thing that I do not regret is that I gave myself up to pioneer evangelism. We have been offered good pastorates with fine parsonages in which to live; we have been offered the Eldership where the apportionment was many times what we were getting on the frontier; but we have felt clear to continue to venture out and trust God for everything.

It develops one more to have to grapple with hard and unexpected problems in opening up new work than with equally difficult questions, where there are resources and counsellors at one's command.

Then another means of development is traveling. It enlarges one's horizon and frees him from petty prejudices. There are many good men who are loyal and true, but who are amazingly narrow and easily biased. It would be a great blessing if they could travel more than they do. I do not advocate a roaming spirit, that neg-

lects responsibilities and causes the work of God to suffer; but it is my humble opinion that it would be a means of grace, breadth and effectiveness, if some men could only get out of their nest and flap their wings a little.

I consider it equal to several years in college to have toured Palestine and other foreign lands. With my conversion came a longing to see the Holy Land, but this never materialized until after twenty years of hardships and self-denial. After I had consecrated to give up the longing desire, the Lord granted even more than I had thought or asked, and let me preach the gospel, not only in Jerusalem, but unto the uttermost parts of the earth. I often wonder if God is waiting for us to give up some cherished plan before he can consistently give us something better. Or, it may be that like Moses, it requires years of privation on the "back side of the desert" to ripen and prepare us for more effectual service.

Fourth. Hard as it is on human nature, yet I thank God for all the criticism and ostracism which have come my way. Many times I have been so crushed that for the time being, hallelujahs were rather faint, but through grace I was enabled to keep smiling. Though they came from high and low, I did not receive one blow too many.

True, some of them were uncalled-for, some were unkind, but God graciously turned them to my account and they have broadened and enriched my soul.

When I was penniless and friendless, I *had* to take everything. Later, when God smiled upon and gave me more or less recognition, then came the subtle temptation that has ruined more than one man: "You have suffered enough; you have some rights and it is beneath your dignity to silently bear these unjust misrepresentations." Thank God I did not yield! Many a man has gone down, after years of climbing, to a place of influence and power, simply because he could not take in a magnanimous and Christ-like manner, everything that came against him. Then he began to pull off in spirit from his brethren, especially those who had the courage to tell him his faults or inconsistencies. Next he was like a ship on the high seas without compass or rudder. And lastly, he was either a shipwreck, or worse, a floating derelict. God help us!

When we get to the judgment we may find that misunderstandings and ill-usages have played a greater part in keeping us humble and getting us safely through to the skies, than anything else except the Blood of Christ. FAREWELL.

